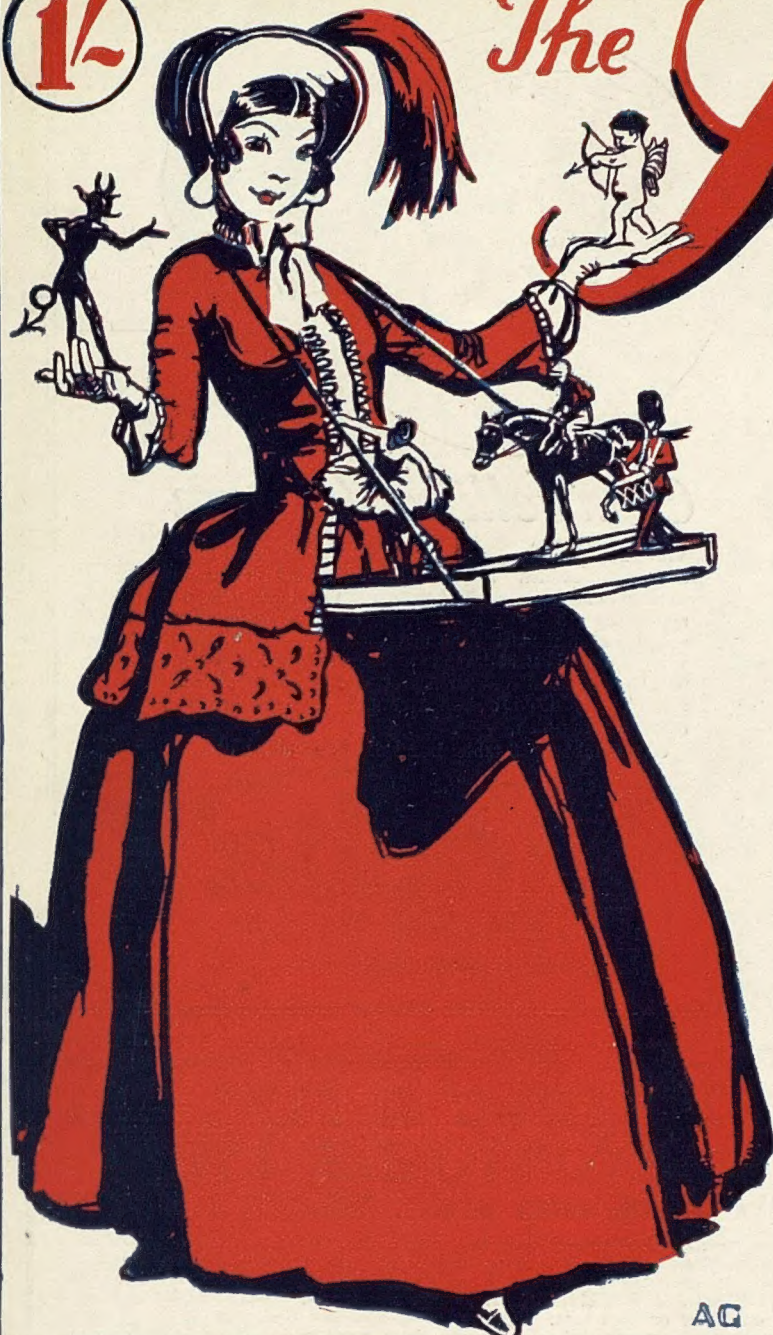


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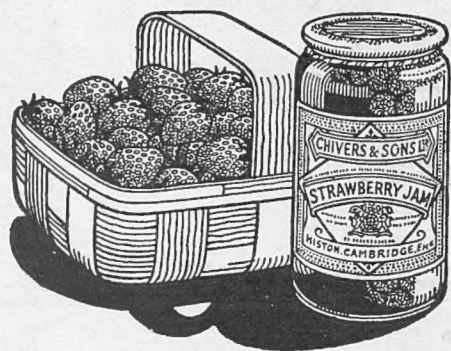
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1646—Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



IRELAND—IN PAGEANTRY: VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD AS QUEEN ETAIN.

Lady Massereene, the wife of Lord Massereene and Ferrard, D.S.O., twelfth Viscount, is shown in our photograph in the dress she wore as Queen Etain of Ireland in a recent pageant. Her husband is the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Northern Ireland, and is a member of the Senate, and she is well known in both

English and Irish Society. Lady Massereene, who is the elder daughter of the late Sir John Ainsworth, first Baronet, has one son, the Hon. John Clotworthy T. F. Whyte-Melville Skeffington, born in 1914, and a little girl, the Hon. Diana Skeffington, who is now in her fifteenth year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

TO-DAY'S TALK ON A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER.

I HAVE ventured to describe this as a talk on a very important matter, because it is a matter which affects every man, woman, flapper, and child in the world. I don't see how you could hit on anything more important than that to write about.

I propose to talk, for this occasion only, about teeth.

You may retort that I know nothing whatever about teeth. But you will be wrong. To begin with, I have a set of teeth in my own head.

They happen to be my own teeth, but I am not going to boast about that. I simply want to convince you that I do know something of this subject.

Nevertheless, I am not going to rely on personal experiences of teeth. That is what logicians call empirical knowledge. It is worth a great deal, but expert scientific knowledge is worth more. So you shall have the gist of a conversation which took place recently between the present writer and an eminent dentist.

This eminent dentist, like all the best dentists, deploras the poor quality of the average human tooth. It does not please him to see people going to and fro with a lot of rotten teeth in their heads. Nor does he want to remove all these teeth.

He wants to see people preserve their teeth by a simple and natural method, and he told me how it could be done.

"If everybody would follow up this suggestion," said he, "all the overworked dentists could double their holidays."

"The reason why nine people out of ten have indifferent teeth is not because they smoke, or eat sweets, or anything of the kind. It is because their teeth do not get enough work."

"Modern food is too easy and too pleasant. Most of it can be swallowed without the aid of teeth at all. Consequently, the teeth don't get the work they should get, the gums shrink, caries is set up, and the parlours of the dentists are full of overflowing."

"How is this to be counteracted? Consider the dog. Dogs have healthy teeth until, by the universal law of Nature, against which there is no appeal, they begin to get old. You never see a healthy dog hunched up in a corner holding its paw to its mouth."

"Why is this? Why should the dog have

this advantage over the human being? The answer is simplicity itself. Dogs eat bones. Dogs gnaw bones. They worry bones. They will spend hours worrying a bone. Do you suppose this is time wasted? Not a bit of it. When a dog worries a bone, he is exercising his teeth. He is doing exactly what Nature wishes him to do. He is, so to speak, massaging his teeth, and the mere fact of his gnawing that dry bone means that he will have no trouble with his teeth until he gets quite old."

"Then do you suggest," I asked pleasantly, "that human beings should retire to a corner for so many hours a day and worry a bone?"

"No," replied the eminent dentist, "I do

"They should gnaw, in company, for a certain time every day. One hour would do, though two hours would be better."

"Quite. And what should they gnaw?"

"Oh, anything that was palatable and gave plenty of work to the teeth. Crusty bread is an excellent thing to gnaw. But people have given up eating crusty bread, and those who want it can't get it because the bakers have left off baking it, finding no demand. I can always spot the man who eats crusty bread. He enjoys it, of course, because his teeth are good, but it is equally true that his teeth are good because he eats it."

"Conversation, I presume, would be difficult in your Gnawing Societies?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

But people don't need to be talking all the time. Nowadays there is no excuse for not gnawing in silence, because the public already spend a great deal of time listening in to the broadcasting. I see no reason at all why broadcasting and gnawing should not go together. Gnawing a crust of bread makes no noise. The host who invites his friends to come and listen in for an hour or two should also provide suitable crusts for them to gnaw.

"I daresay that sounds comic, and might look comic at first, but there is a very sound idea at the back of it. If you can persuade your readers to take up gnawing as a hobby, or as a dental exercise, you will be a true benefactor to the human race."

"I'll try," I promised. "They needn't gnaw very violently, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. I don't want them to break their teeth or dislocate their jaws. Just a gentle gnawing for an hour or so daily on some substance that offers a pleasant resistance."

"Such as gum?"

"Something harder than gum. A crust is really the best thing I can suggest. And tell them to do it in company, so that they won't be bored. If no broadcasting apparatus is handy, or a gramophone, somebody might read aloud, or play the piano."

"Thank you, dentist. I will certainly tell them."

And I have kept my word. And this is really very altruistic of me, because I am devoted to crusts, and, away from one's own establishment, they are the hardest thing in the world to get, being usually so soft.



MR. GEORGE ROBESY'S FAMILY: THE WIFE, SON, AND DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN AT SEAVIEW.

Our snapshot shows Mrs. George Robey, wife of the famous comedian now appearing in "Leap Year," at the London Hippodrome, with her son, Mr. Edward Robey, and daughter, Miss Eileen Robey, on the beach at Seaview. Mr. Edward Robey, who has just left Cambridge, where he took honours, is reading for the Bar. In appearance he closely resembles his distinguished father, so if in time he reaches the Judicial Bench, perhaps one may hope that Lord Darling may not be missed as much as he is now. Mrs. Robey was formerly well known as Miss Ethel Haydon.—[Photograph by P.P.P.]

not. And the reason I don't suggest it is because I realise the difference between the nature of a dog and the nature of a human being. Dogs like to be alone with their food; human beings do not. The mentality of a dog is satisfied with a bone; the mentality of a human being requires something more.

"What I do suggest is the establishment, all over the country—all over the world, if you like—of Gnawing Societies. Instead of getting into groups for the purpose of smoking and drinking and talking, people should get into groups and gnaw."

"The Lot is Fallen Unto Me in a Fair Ground."



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF LORD ELMLEY: EARL AND COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP WITH THEIR FAMILY AT MADRESFIELD COURT—LEFT TO RIGHT: THE HON. HUGH LYGON, EARL BEAUCHAMP, LORD ELMLEY, LADY SIBELL LYGON, LADY LETTICE LYGON, COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP, THE HON. RICHARD LYGON, LADY MARY LYGON, AND LADY DOROTHY LYGON.

The coming-of-age of Lord Elmley, eldest son of Earl and Countess Beauchamp, was celebrated in London during the season, at the ball given by Lady Beauchamp at Grosvenor House, in honour of Lord Elmley and his sister, Lady Lettice Lygon, but the festivities at Madresfield Court, Great Malvern, took place last week. They included the presentation of an address to Lord Elmley by the Mayor and Corporation of Worcester,

a presentation from the tenants, a ball, luncheons, a display of fireworks, and other gaieties, and a large house-party assembled at Madresfield Court for the occasion. Earl Beauchamp, who is the seventh holder of the title, is the Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire. The family motto is "The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground." Lady Beauchamp is a sister of the Duke of Westminster.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN MAY AND CO., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

"OLD STAGERS," YOUNG BRIDES, PUPPY SHOWS,



AT THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) PUPPY SHOW: COM. C. A. CODRINGTON, R.N., M.F.H.; CAPT. ANSELL; MR. H. JAMES; MR. T. A. SUTTON; MAJ. NICKISSON, M.F.H.; CAPT. LEVINGE; MR. NOBLE; MR. NESBIT; COL. W. F. FULLER, D.S.O.; AND, SEATED, MRS. TURK; MRS. ANSELL; MRS. NOBLE; MAJ. T. LEVINGE; MISS TITCOMBE; MRS. WHEELER; AND MR. W. TURK.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S PUPPY SHOW: THE DUKE, OTHER MASTERS OF HOUNDS, HUNTSMEN, PUPPY-WALKERS, FRONT OF



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS NANCY PRATT AND CAPT. W. D. CHAMPNEYS: BRIDE, GROOM, BEST MAN, SIR JOHN HANHAM, BT.; AND BRIDESMAIDS—MISS K. PRATT, MISS M. PHIPPS-HORNBY, MISS W. EGERTON, MISS B. PHIPPS-HORNBY, AND MISS S. HOPE-JOHNSTONE.

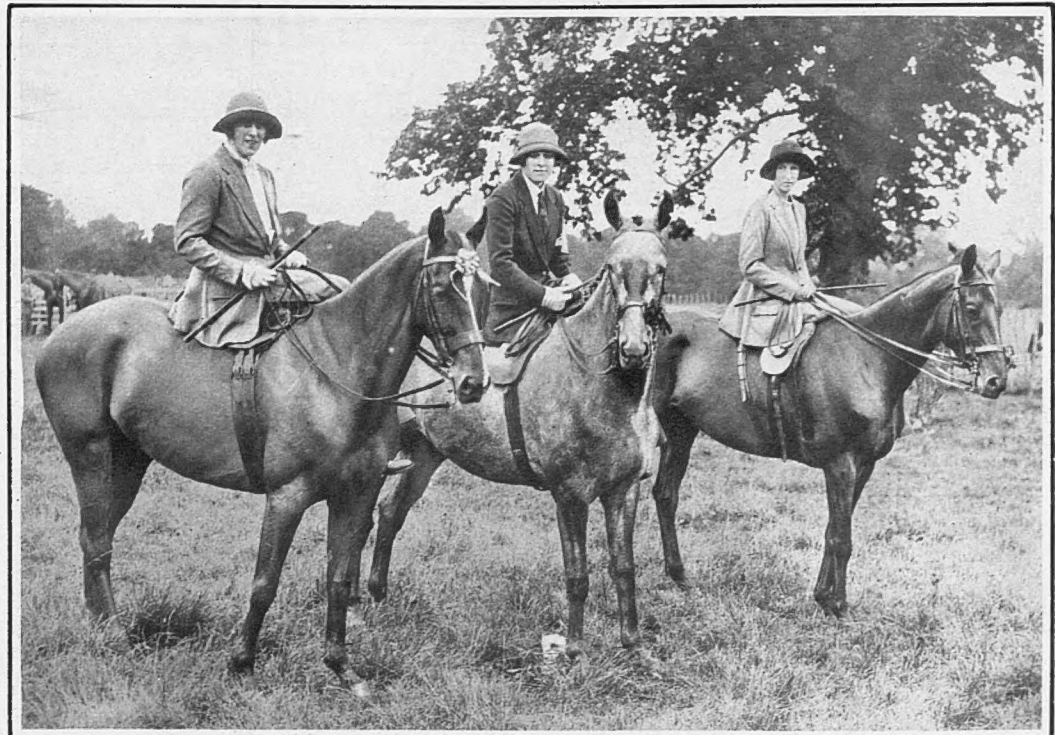


CANTERBURY WEEK: A GROUP AT THE OLD STAGERS' CLUB ENCLOSURE, C. P. HAWKES, MISS AUDREY FRERE, LORD ULLSWATER, AND SIR CRUTCHLEY, MISS M. CLARKE-JERVOISE, MR. RALPH

The season of puppy shows is now in full swing, and there was a big attendance both at the V.W.H. (Cricklade) and the Beaufort. At the Beaufort Hunt Farmers' Club Annual Exhibition, the first three prize-winners in Class Twenty were Lady Blanche Douglas, the elder daughter of the Duke of Beaufort; the Marchioness of Worcester, his daughter-in-law; and Lady Diana Somerset, his unmarried girl. Lady Blanche Douglas was formerly Blanche Countess of St. Germans. Her marriage to Captain Douglas took place recently in London.—The marriage of Miss Alwyne (Nancy) Pratt, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Spencer Pratt, of Broom Hall, Kent, to Captain Weldon Dalrymple Champneys, late Grenadier Guards,

Photographs by L.N.A., Blake Studios,

PRIZE-WINNERS: A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF EVENTS.



IN HIS CHAIR; EARL BATHURST, IN CENTRE; WITH AND PRIZE-WINNERS, WITH THE OLD HOUNDS, IN BADMINTON.

SISTERS-IN-LAW AND PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE SAME CLASS: LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS, ON HER TALLULAH (FIRST PRIZE); THE MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER (SECOND PRIZE): AND LADY DIANA SOMERSET (THIRD PRIZE).



SHOWING, LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING, MISS BURNABY ATKINS, COLONEL WILLIAM GOSCHEN; AND, SEATED, MISS ROSEMARY GOSCHEN, LADY ALDERSON, AND MISS PRUDENCE VANBRUGH.

THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR F. C. CAILLARD, M.C., AND MISS MONICA CUBITT: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY IN ST. MARY'S, CADOGAN GARDENS.

only surviving son of Sir Francis Champneys, Bt., of Nutley, Surrey, was celebrated at the Guards' Chapel.—Our snapshot on the lawn at the Old Stagers' Club Enclosure during Canterbury Week shows Miss Prudence Vanbrugh, the daughter of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, with some of the clever amateurs who appeared in the productions which are always a feature of Canterbury Week. Lord Ullswater, who was in the audience, last acted with the Old Stagers in 1886.—The marriage of Major F. C. Caillard, M.C., Somerset Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Caillard, to Miss Monica Cubitt, daughter of Count and Countess Riccardi-Cubitt, of Eden Hall, Edenbridge, Kent, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

MANY people still believe in the old tale that the season ends with Goodwood and Cowes; but I don't know that this really is the case, for the great yachting carnival in the Solent does not draw the "usual" London crowd, and half of the well-known dancers one has seen about during the season depart for the North or for French seaside places after Goodwood, and it's only a limited number who proceed

from Chichester to the Solent—though, of course, this company is headed by the King and Queen.

Cowes can only be enjoyed in two ways: one must either belong to one of the jolliest house parties ashore, or else be

Sunday after their arrival, commands to attend the Royal Yacht were received by Lady Baring and Lady Crewe, Elizabeth Lady Ormonde, and others. I saw Lady Baring depart in the Royal pinnace. She was wearing pale-pink and pearls, but she had wisely covered her slippers with snow-boots, as it was so wet. Lady Crewe was in gold tissue, and also well wrapped up.

The burglary at Nubia House was, of course, a great topic of conversation. What bad luck, both for Lady Crewe and for the hostess, Lady Baring; but it was lucky that the thief didn't have time to do any further ransacking, and to carry off any loot from Lady Louis Mountbatten's room, or to raid the jewel-cases of the Marquise de Casa Maury, who was another member of the house party.

How smart these two young married women, Lady Louis and the Marquise de Casa Maury (she was formerly Miss Paula Gellibrand), always look. Their Cowes coats of cream-coloured material both suited them admirably. Lady Louis had hers collared with a yellow fur, and the Marquise's was adorned with white fox. Cowes fashions are always becoming, though, and there was plenty of variety in wraps to be seen. Lady Inchcape had a white coat crossed with brown stripes, and Lady Moira Combe wore a camel-hair wrap over her cream skirt and jaunty red wool embroidered coat. She and Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton were with Lord Inverclyde on his *Beryl II.*, named after his father's *Beryl No. 1.*

One of those who were much missed at Cowes was Lord Glentanar, who had to remain out the week with the Scouts—so his mother postponed all the festivities at Hamlet Lodge till the Saturday, when a small dance was held for all those who were still on the Solent.

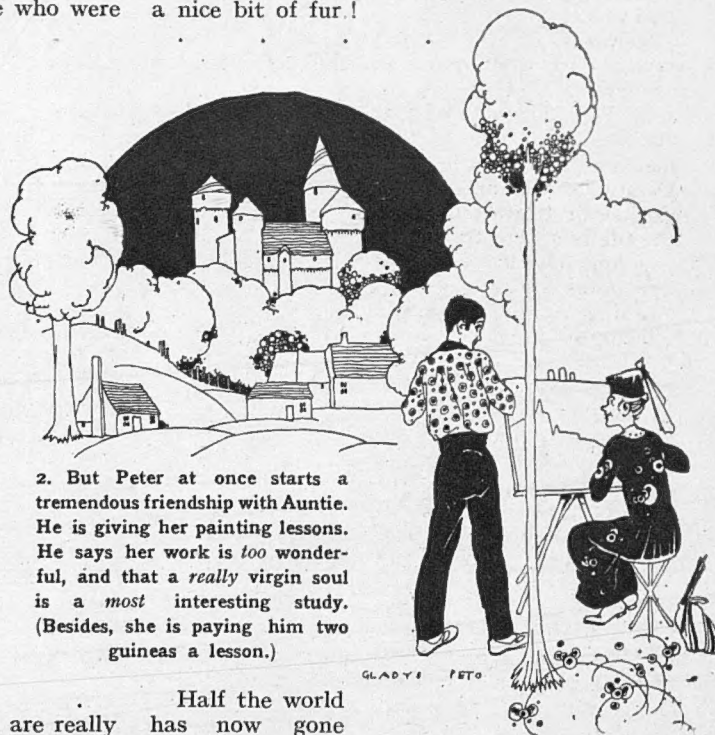
But, talking of hostesses at Cowes, Lady Baring had the most strenuous week of any. Not only did she organise her usual ball, but was responsible for the sale of painted fabrics which the Princess Beatrice opened on Thursday. These goods are the work of disabled sailors and soldiers, and the Queen showed her interest in the affair by having some of the silks sent to the Royal Yacht and making a number of purchases.

But to return to the ball: it was as great a success as usual, although the absence of the Prince and his brothers was felt; and another cause for general regret is that Sir Godfrey Baring is no longer the island's M.P., for the Barings are one of the most popular couples in the district; everyone appreciates the wonderful way in which Lady Baring devotes herself to the interests of her "home town," little Cowes.

To return to dress topics, which are really always fascinating—say what you like about the charm of discussing books, plays, sport or politics! Fur trimming was the order

of the day, and since the temperature was hardly up to August's proper standard, it was just as well. Lady Churston carried the passion for furry adornments further than most, for she had her white gloves finished with bands of white fur, as well as fur on her coat. Two of the smartest girls to be seen about were the Ruthven twins; they are never far away from each other, and spent a great deal of time with their father. I watched them across the Squadron lawns one afternoon, exact replicas of each other in green frocks, with wide patent-leather belts, white felt cloche hats, pearl bead necklaces, and "sunburn" stockings with white shoes, and thought how delightful they looked—and how gay their laughter sounded. Their movements are as similar as their frocks, and when the Duke of Connaught spoke to them, each made her little curtsy exactly the same depth, each dropped her eyelids in the same way, and then they both laughed in concert.

The two most important dress notes of Cowes are the fact that "sunburn" silk stockings with white shoes are *de rigueur* among the younger generation, and that scarves have disappeared. The sunburn, or bare-leg stocking effect is "amusing," but I don't know that it is really pretty, and, frankly, is a little trying to any but the most wonderful ankles. As for the disappearance of the scarf, I am delighted over this. No longer must we look like costers or apaches, and if we want to keep our necks warm, we may once again wear a nice bit of fur!



2. But Peter at once starts a tremendous friendship with Auntie. He is giving her painting lessons. He says her work is too wonderful, and that a really virgin soul is a most interesting study. (Besides, she is paying him two guineas a lesson.)

Half the world has now gone abroad, and a friend writes me as follows from Deauville, "Just like England," people said, when

1. Angela has now taken her conducted party (Mr. and Mrs. Moral-Midlande, their daughter Daisy, and her aunt) to Brittany. Angela's old friend, Mr. Romany Stark is there, and his two friends, Siegfried and Peter. Angela means to let the Moral-Midlandes have a share in all the gaieties. She imagines this kind of scene in the studio in the evenings. The Moral-Midlandes are seen on the seat in the background.

among some congenial companions afloat—and, frankly, you must have a touch of the adventurous love of the sea to be really "in it," for those who know nothing of "luffing" and "jibbing," and only care about the "garden-party" side of Cowes, miss more than a little of its joys.

The Queen, of course, does not really enjoy the water—in fact, she comes ashore at every opportunity, and drives all the afternoon over the green little Isle of Wight. So early, in fact, did she land at East Cowes one morning last week that she arrived nearly twenty minutes before her time.

In the afternoon of that same day there was a vast concourse of people on the famous promenade to cheer and clap their hands as her Majesty stepped off the jetty from the pinnace. She was wearing her favourite blue, with a soft powder-blue felt hat, and a gauzy scarf to match. The Duke of Leeds, who is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, received her Majesty, and she stopped to speak to Lady Portal, who had been sitting in the grounds.

Very few guests are invited to dine with the King and Queen at Cowes; but on the



GLADYS PETO.

the opening day of Deauville's racing season dawned grey and clouded. The clerk of the weather repented, however, and the sun came merrily out at lunch-time, so the pretty, flowered course was like a miniature Ascot or Goodwood with lovely frocks of lace, organdie, printed mousseline-de-soie, and all manner of bright and amusing sunshades. More striking than the fashions even were the extraordinary complexions adopted by some women. Coppery brick-red faces and arms and necks were to be seen, dyed the colour of any Indian brave by means of henna baths, electric treatment with blue rays, and I don't know what kinds of tiresome and tortuous means! If you have a hankering after that type of beauty it is wise to put yourself into the hands of a professional, for woe betide the amateur who trusts herself into a home-made henna bath, no matter how carefully the instructions may be followed! Exile or a convent seem the only possible resources when you come out 'all patchy.'

"The Duchess of Peñaranda looked charming with her lovely naturally dark skin, that shows off to such splendid advantage her superb ropes of pearls. She was wearing an attractive gown of flowered foulard, and was with her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Alba and Berwick. Both their husbands were playing polo afterwards, so it was a busy afternoon from the horse point of view.

"The Marquess of Cholmondeley was in the paddock. Our picturesque Peer divides his time between polo and lawn-tennis at Deauville, with an early morning plunge into the ocean thrown in. It is almost Spartan the life of severe training that he leads. The frivolous charms of the Casino that mean late hours and an eye that is "out" in the morning are absolutely ruled out of his scheme of things.

"Lord and Lady Wodehouse were busy spotting winners before they made a move to the polo club. He was playing a remarkably good game, and seems to have completely recovered from all effects of his unfortunate accident earlier in the season.

"Lord Derby and his daughter, Lady Victoria Bullock, will probably be here for the fifteenth, after he has finished his cure at Evian. This week is the climax of the Deauville season. It is a national holiday in France for the Feast of the Assumption, and those who haven't got the actual number of their rooms solidly written down in black-and-white, endorsed by the signatures of the managers of the Normandy and Royal, will be hard put to it to find where to rest their heads. Strange, isn't it, how people do flock to places where prices are prohibitive

and they have to put up with every possible discomfort owing to the crowds? There is one very bright spot in Deauville now, however, where you don't have to dine in the company of five or six hundred others, with the expectation every moment that some unfortunate waiter will pour the soup or the sauce down your newest Paris creation. The spot in question is *Ciro's*, where the cuisine is of the best and the most *soignée*, the surroundings delightful, and where you are sure of finding kindred souls and familiar faces, for at Deauville *Ciro* makes a far stronger appeal to the polo crowd than to

the excessively new rich, who feel better when they are supported by masses of their like.

"Of course, the ultra-smart rendezvous is the *Cercle de Deauville*, exclusive club reserved entirely to the French aristocracy that runs it and their friends. An invitation to dine in its dignified precincts is sure of a delighted acceptance, for its atmosphere is that of the France so few of us get to know. Members of famous old families are to be seen there—the Duc and Duchesse Decazes, Marquess and Marquise de Saint Sauveur, who so often come to England to visit Lord Derby; Comte and Comtesse Montgomery; the Duc and

to dispose of her furniture, it is possible that she will take another house in town later on. No. 16, Grosvenor Street is a particularly fine residence, because it happens to be two mansions in reality. The story of it is that some dozen years ago, when Mrs. Keppel went out to buy a piano for her girls' school-room, she entered Collard and Collard's show-rooms, which were then in Grosvenor Street. I don't know if she ever bought the piano, but she certainly then and there fell in love with the piano-maker's shop with its fine mahogany doors and grand staircase, and bought it!

Mrs. Keppel filled the house with lovely things, such as huge jars of priceless *famille verte*, and the dining-room is all black and gold and red lacquer, with a particularly attractive black and gold lacquer screen. The new owners of this charming house are Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, who are moving in from next door.

And here we are this week thinking of St. Grouse—and let's hope that things on the moors in the North are not so bad as have been prophesied. Those for Scotland this month include Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, who have taken a place in Ross-shire; while at Balmacaan there is to be a family reunion, with Mrs. Cassel and her daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, Lord and Lady Brecknock, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and the Wilfrid Ashleys. The Ashleys have, by the way, had a succession of friends at Broadlands of late—since Goodwood, in fact.

The house is a most attractive place, and has interesting political associations, being full of Palmerston possessions. Mrs. Ashley uses the rooms which were those of that wonderful woman, Lady Palmerston, and everything possible has been done to keep all the reception-rooms just as they should be, according to the designs of that great artist and decorator, Robert Adam, nothing modern being tolerated in them.

The gardens are Mrs. Ashley's hobby, and she goes in for growing the right coloured flower for each room all the year round.

MARIEGOLD.



3. And Siegfried paints Daisy as a wood nymph. It is not the kind of picture he cares for, but he supposes that Mr. Moral-Midlande may buy it, and one must consider one's client. The lonely figure in the background (with the parasol) is Angela. Nobody bothers about her.

Duchesse de Doudeauville, with their younger son, the Vicomte Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault, and his bride, who was Mlle. de Vianna, the lovely younger sister of the Duchess of Peñaranda, and daughter of the Marquis and Marquise of Vianna, who are such intimate friends of the King of Spain. It is delightfully restful to escape for a while into this *milieu* of quiet, good manners after the hectic mob at the Casino, where, by the way, more fortunes are changing hands than ever before, and the display of jewels is nothing short of dazzling."

And now to return to home topics. It is always sad when an important hostess appears to be leaving the scene, but we all hope that Mrs. George Keppel will not really desert London now that she has sold her house in Grosvenor Street. At present Mrs. Keppel thinks that she will live in Italy (she is to be found in Venice nearly every autumn nowadays), but as she shows no inclination



4. Not even her trusted friend, Mr. Romany Stark. Angela had arranged to meet him at the Café Bretagne, and there he is drinking with the Moral-Midlandes! They are going to buy several dozens of his landscapes. Angela is moving her conducted party from Brittany almost at once.

Our Sailor King at the Wheel of the "Britannia."



ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA": HIS MAJESTY AT THE WHEEL, WITH MAJOR PHILIP HUNLOKE AND SIR DEREK KEPPEL.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Cowes is one of the social festivities which make a special appeal to our King, as he is a sailor, and is always happy afloat. During the race for yachts exceeding 100 tons, his Majesty himself took the wheel of his yacht, "Britannia." The weather, however, was not favourable to her, and she did not succeed in winning. Our photographs show his Majesty on board his yacht, and the small inset snapshot proves beyond doubt the immense enjoyment which yachting gives him! H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is also a keen yachtsman.

Photographs by C.N.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Alternative Amusements to Yachting at Cowes.



READY FOR A GAME OF LAWN-TENNIS AT NUBIA HOUSE: — THE MARQUISE DE CASA MAURY, LADY BARING, MASTER RAYMOND BARING, MISS VIOLA BARING, THE HON. ADELE BIDDULPH, THE [HON. MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, — LADY CAROLINE AGAR, MISS GRACE VANDERBILT, AND MR. CHARLES BARING.



OFF FOR A GAME OF GOLF: LORD INVERCLYDE, LADY MOIRA COMBE, LADY RACHEL STURGIS, AND SIR MARK STURGIS.

Our two groups show that lawn-tennis and golf prove agreeable alternative amusements to yachting during Cowes Week. The upper photograph was taken at Nubia House, the residence of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, where Lady Baring entertained a large house party, as usual. The Marquise de Casa Maury—a photograph of whom appears elsewhere in this issue—was formerly Miss Paula Gellibrand; the Hon. Adèle Biddulph is the elder

daughter of Lord Biddulph; the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth is the only surviving son of Lord Rothermere; and Lady Caroline Agar is the third daughter of the Earl of Normanton.—Miss Grace Vanderbilt is the daughter of Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt. —Our golfing snapshot shows Lady Moira Combe, the married daughter of the Countess of Clonmell, with Lady Rachel Sturgis, the second daughter of the Earl of Wharnccliffe.

Photographs by I.B. and P.P.P.

On Shore and Afloat: Pictures from Cowes.



ON BOARD "FENELLA": MAJOR C. POTTER AND THE HON. MRS. RICHARD WESTENRA.



WITH MR. C. H. ADAMS-ASTOR: THE MISSES O'CONNOR.



AT THE WHEEL OF THE "PANTHER": SIR CHARLES BARRIE, M.P., AND THE HON. CORA WEIR.

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Westenra, who is shown on board the "Fenella," is the wife of the brother of Lord Rossmore, and is the daughter of Mr. Maxwell Blacker-Douglass, of Seafeld, Jersey.—The Misses O'Connor are the daughters of the owner of the "Kelpie."—Sir Charles Barrie is the Liberal Member for Banffshire, and the Hon. Cora Weir is the youngest daughter of Lord Inverforth.—Lady Frank



ON BOARD THE "FIREFLY": LADY FRANK (LEFT) AND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.



THE VICTIM OF THE NUBIA HOUSE ROBBERY: THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE, WITH LADY BARING (RIGHT).

is the wife of Sir Howard Frank, and Mrs. Lloyd George is the wife of Major Lloyd George, and a daughter-in-law of the ex-Premier.—Lady Crewe is the wife of the first Marquess, and the younger daughter of the Earl of Rosebery. She was staying with Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring at Nubia House for Cowes Week, and was the victim of a burglary.—[Photographs by C.P.P., P.P.P., and S.P.]

Society's Sea Carnival: Famous Folk at Cowes.



ON BOARD THE "MAIRI": THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD AND LADY PAMELA SMITH.



FORMERLY MISS PAULA GELLIBRAND: THE MARQUISE DE CASA MAURY AND HER HUSBAND.



WITH HER FATHER, COLONEL CORNELIUS VANDERBILT: MISS GRACE VANDERBILT.

The Earl and Countess of Birkenhead had their yacht, the "Mairi," at Cowes for Regatta Week, and entertained a good deal on board her. Lady Pamela Smith is their younger daughter, and was born in 1914.—

The beautiful Marquise de Casa Maury was well known in London Society as Miss Paula Gellibrand; and Miss Grace Vanderbilt was with her father, Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Photographs by L.N.A. and P.P.P.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

American Hostesses and Mayfair Rentals.

Some of the entertainments given by the American hostesses in London this season will be remembered. It is to an American hostess that we owe the introduction of the "cabaret" dinner, with small tables and a general atmosphere not unlike that of the Embassy Club. Another hostess had lager beer and eggs-and-bacon served in the early hours for departing guests; but that is not exactly new, for some time before the war that well-known caterer, Mrs. Rosa Lewis, introduced this custom at some of those famous balls, given in private houses, where, if it became known that she was in charge of the kitchens, the gathering was certain to be a crowded one. But some American hostesses imbued with the Boston and Philadelphia environment brought to Mayfair this year one social habit that seemed homely and pleasant, although it meant hard work for themselves. No matter how large the attendance at their afternoon receptions, they poured out the tea themselves.

One hostess paid two thousand pounds for two months' occupation of a certain very famous house. The deal was done by cable between London and New York. I heard two ladies of title arguing whether or not this was a large amount to pay. "I don't think so at all," said one of them with finality. "Think how it singled her out. If you spoke of her as Mrs. So-and-So of New York, hardly anyone took notice. But when you said, 'Mrs. So-and-So, who has taken House for the season,' everyone said, 'Oh, do please introduce me.'"

The New Interest in Horse-Riding.

According to that fine horseman and teacher of horsemanship, Captain Jack Hance, who used to be chief riding instructor at the R.A. Cadet School at St. John's Wood, and for three years after the war filled a similar post at the R.A. Southern Command, India, there is a big increase in the number of girls who want to ride. It is partly a result of the new interest in horse-riding as a pleasurable exercise brought about by the development of motoring. There is so much motor traffic on the roads that motoring for pleasure has lost something of its appeal.

So convinced is Captain Hance that the revival in horse-riding will last that at his Riding Academy in Church Street, Malvern, he is arranging advanced riding classes, where lady riders will be trained as riding instructors. He hopes to set up a riding establishment

for ladies that will be conducted on lines similar to the Equitation School at Weedon.

Lady Hart's Prophecy.

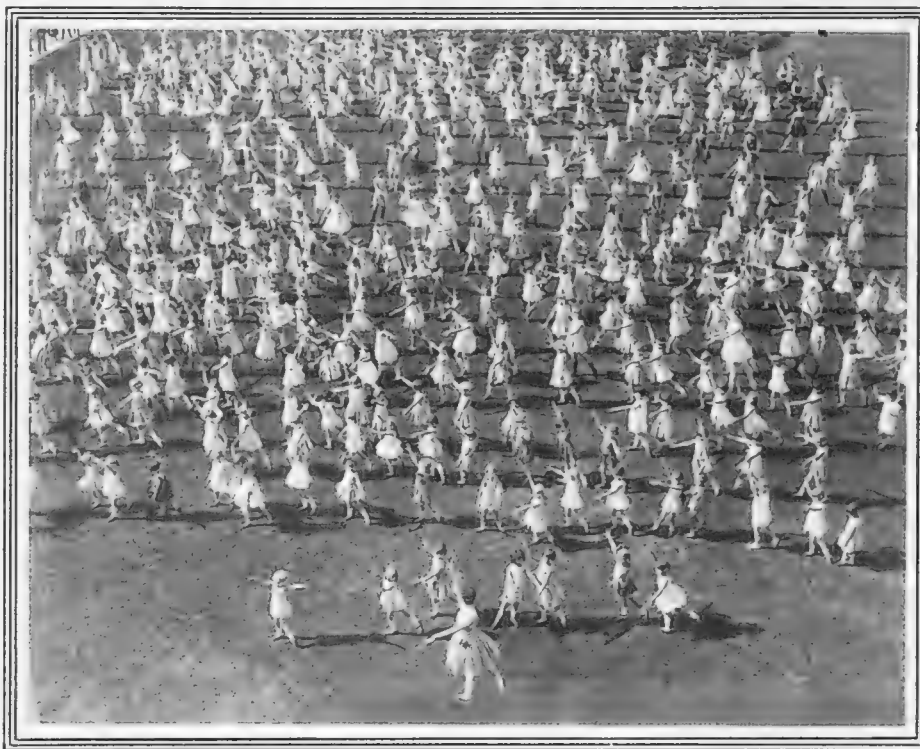
That remarkable and interesting woman, Lady Hart, widow of the famous Sir Robert Hart, who probably knew more about China than any white man, has gone to Bournemouth for a holiday. Lady Hart is now of great age, but she has retained her freshness of mind to an astonishing degree. She can talk on any subject, from high politics to housekeeping. When I met her at an "At Home," she had engaged in conversation first the Bulgarian Minister, then a man home from Eastern Turkestan, then a "best-seller" woman novelist. She says she likes to be *au fait* with the political developments of the country which is most likely to bring about the next war—I won't say

war. She regards the fusion of the classes as the most important development in English life since the war. She thinks it will have a beneficial effect on the whole future of our race. "Already," she said, "it has made life more full and more interesting for people of all classes, and in time will give the country a wide choice of brain and talent."

The Most Dangerous Dog.

A friend of mine was bitten by a dog the other day. It was a cross between an Airedale and an Irish terrier—rather a dangerous combination, I fancy. This dog seemed friendly enough to begin with, even licked my friend's outstretched hand. But just as someone said warningly: "Better not pat that dog; he's very uncertain," the snap of the teeth came, and now my friend goes about with a bandaged hand, and is as resolved to leave strange dogs alone as was the man who ventured to interfere in a quarrel between husband and wife, and for his pains got belaboured by both of them.

We discussed what breed of dog shows most distaste for strangers, and a dog-breeder of experience said he had found that little-known dog, the Samoyede, the most troublesome in this respect. "I had one once," he said; "he was left to me by a man who died. He was entirely a one-man dog. When he got to know me, he was devoted to me, but with strangers you could never tell. Several of my friends thought him tame and listless, but usually there came an awakening. One day a wilful, exceedingly pretty lady told me she wanted a watch-dog. 'And I want him to be a real fierce fellow,' she said. I took along that Samoyede. When she had had him a couple of days she told me over the telephone that she thought him the most inoffensive



AMERICAN "MASS PRODUCTION" FOR DANCERS: A MAMMOTH CLASS OF PUPILS.

Mass-production methods are used in America in educational establishments as well as in factories, as this photograph of a mammoth class of pupils at the Ernest Belcher School of Dancing at Los Angeles shows. It would take a sharp-eyed parent indeed to spot her own offspring in this vast company. The teachers, by the way, may be seen dotted about in the big crowd.

which country she has in mind at the moment.

Then she talked in defence of the character and attainments of the famous Dowager Empress of China, of whom more than once she had audience. "She was not at all the remorseless, cruel type of woman portrayed by many writers," said Lady Hart. "But she was absolutely sure of herself and of her mission in life. She had piercing eyes, but a sweet voice, and a manner that compelled your confidence; and, of course, it is ridiculous to say that she was of coolie origin. I remember my husband saying, at a very difficult moment in China's history, that the Dowager Empress was the only leading figure who possessed moral backbone."

Lady Hart has lived in England, mostly in London, since a few years before the

creature she had known.

"At the end of a fortnight I met her accidentally at the Carlton. She came up to me, her eyes alight with excitement and satisfaction. 'That's a wonderful dog of yours,' she said. 'So far I have had claims for £70 for bites and frights he has given to tradesmen callers.'"

I believe it was this lady—
Indisposed. I won't call her a famous actress; let's say she's a woman on the stage—who had a maid who sometimes got rather tied up with her words. An interviewer called at about 11 o'clock one morning. The maid wanted to say that her mistress was not disposed towards seeing anyone at that hour. What she actually said was: "My mistress is always indisposed until twelve o'clock every morning."

LOOK OUT for the Judges' Order of the Twelve Posters, which will be published shortly in "The Sketch."

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Playing for William the Conqueror's Cup in Normandy.



The Deauville (Normandy)
Polo Club:
A general view.



No 2 in "B" team:
Baron R. de Rothschild.



The owner of Sir Gallahad III:
Capt. Jefferson Cohn with
Mrs. Cohn & Mr. Eustace Ralli.



M. Yturlie, Comtesse de la Maza, Marquise de Viana and Mme. Yturlie.



Two members of "C" team which won the
American tournament:
The Duke of Penaranda (r) & the Marquis de
Villabragima.

The opening of the Deauville polo season took place recently, the first event of the month being the American Tournament for the Prix Guillaume le Conquerant (the William the Conqueror Prize), which resulted in a win for the "C" team. This side consists of Mr. H. H. Harges, Mr. J. F. Macaire, the Marquis de Villabragima, and the Duke of

Peñaranda, and won by a net score of 5 goals, having beaten "A" team by 4-1, and "B" by 6-4. Lord Wodehouse, a snapshot of whom appears elsewhere in this issue, plays in "A" team, and the Count de la Maza plays in "B" team, which also includes Baron R. Schroeders, and Baron R. de Rothschild.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



THE OLD FLAME.



By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc.

VIII.—PARALLEL LINES.

IT was Friday, and a day big with destiny for many lives, as, indeed, all Fridays are. For we know that all Fridays are unlucky. Indeed, when I consider the number and variety of misfortunes recorded to have befallen my own friends on that ill-omened day, I sometimes marvel that the human race as a whole should have so long survived a system which allows for a Friday every week. It is fortunate, perhaps, that we do not remember with the same fidelity of association those ills which fall on a Tuesday or a Wednesday, for otherwise the week would be scarcely supportable.

But there it is. We forget what happened on a Thursday, however unpleasant. But this was a Friday, and I shall never forget it. Perhaps in some unconscious struggle against the omens, I dined severely alone at the club, and when I saw young Mr. Gordon Smith hovering towards me at the door I did not see him, but buried my face in the fourth page of an exceedingly modern novel, which I had read and re-read two or three times without blundering on the author's meaning.

After three weeks of bachelor independence, the delight of reading at meals was as fresh as ever, and I read the page with satisfaction for the rest of dinner. At the dessert, however, Mr. Smith sidled up, and remarking, "I say, do you mind if I—?" sat down. He was immaculate and handsome in white waistcoat and tails, and I do not think I looked better myself.

"Hullo!" I said, shutting my book with perfect breeding. "Seen anything of Phyllis lately?"

The ancient Romans, we are taught, began a question with the word *num* when they expected the answer "No," and with the word *nonne* when they expected the answer "Yes." There is no record of what they said when they received the wrong answer.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith. "I took her to Ascot yesterday."

"Oh," I said. My question had begun with *num*.

"I've been thinking over your advice, Mr. Moon," he went on, stammering a little. "Some weeks ago. By Jove, it was at this very table, I believe!"

"Curious," I murmured helpfully. I have never dined at any other table.

"You were right, *of course*," he said.

"That's very gratifying. What was it I said?"

"You know—about Phyllis," he said earnestly. "Not seeing so much of her these weeks, I've realised just what she is to me—just as you said."

"And just what is she to you?"

"She's—she's"—the boy paused, fumbling for the exact, the poetical, the crumpling phrase—"she's A 1."

"She is A 1 to a good many people," I said wisely. "I suppose Jean Renton's engagement made a good deal of difference? Have a glass of port?"

Mr. Smith threw me a defensive look out of the corner of his eye, and gladly took refuge in the port.

"No," he said. "No, no; you were right about that too. I realised long ago that Jean wasn't quite—of course, she's"—he continued lucidly—"but she isn't really—if you understand me. I mean, I could never have felt for her—not really, I mean—not like Phyllis—"

"Well," I said, "I'm very glad." And I believe I was. "Are you dancing with her to-night?"

Again my question began with *num*; but this time, I regret to say, it was betting on a certainty.

"No," said Mr. Smith. "I tried to get her, but she's doing something else."

"Is she?" I murmured, sympathetic.

"But I *am* dancing," he continued cheerfully, and then, with an anxious note, "I say, you don't think it's rotten of me to go out with another woman, after—after what I've just said—"

"After your passionate avowal about Miss Fair? No, no, my boy. You're quite right to show your independence. Who is she?"

"She's a new friend," he replied, with some satisfaction. "Awfully fine woman. And the best dancer I know. Of course," he added, "she's much older than I am—at least, I should think so. It's not the same sort of thing, you know—"

"The same as what?"

"The same as—well, Phyllis."

"Of course not."

"But I like dancing—and she's such a good dancer—and—"

"And you like dancing with her?"

"That's it."

"Of course," I said, "you're an expert. I'm not. But, if you are, I believe that the age and appearance of the partner is immaterial—it's the sheer artistic joy of doing the thing well. Youth and beauty don't count."

"That's true," said Mr. Smith with enthusiasm.

"Four feet that beat as one?"

"Yes," he said, but with a dubious glance.

"Where are you going?" I asked, with a polite show of interest.

"I thought probably the Thames."

"Oh," I said, with real interest. "I shouldn't go there, would you? Not if you're going for the dancing. It's nice and quiet, of course, but the band's not good, is it?"

"Might be better, certainly."

"Not a patch on the band at Boom's? Or Spider's, either."

"No."

"And it's generally crowded—for dancing, I mean. Of course, if you just want to sit about and have a quiet supper—"

"Yes," he said. "Well, I'll see what she thinks. Good-bye, Mr. Moon. Many thanks. See you again some time, I hope?"

"I hope so," I said, but did not specify the time.

Half-way to the Thames it became too clear that it was Friday.

"The taxi smells of petrol, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis, sniffing reproachfully.

"I am sorry, Miss Fair."

"And is the driver extravagantly sober, Mr. Moon?"

We reeled round an omnibus and chased an elderly gentleman on to the pavement.

"Not wildly, I think."

Phyllis sighed. "I wish you had a car, Mr. Moon."

"I hear you went to Ascot yesterday," I remarked.

"Yes, Mr. Moon. In a motor-car."

"I seem to remember," I said mildly, "inviting you to go somewhere yesterday—I rather forget where."

"I think you intended travelling there by train, Mr. Moon. I hate trains, Mr. Moon. And taxis."

[Continued overleaf.]

Webbers, Wemblers, and Whirl of the Worldlings.



"LEAP YEAR" FAVOURITES IN THE SWIM: FOUR OF THE HOFFMAN GIRLS AT MAIDENHEAD.



TOOTS POUNDS AS A "TORPEDO": MYRIO, DANCING PARTNER OF Mlle. NATTOVA, "LAUNCHES" THE FAMOUS COMEDienne.



RUSSIAN DANCERS ON THE DECK OF THE "GOOD HOPE": Mlle. NATTOVA AND MYRIO.



THE WEMBLEY BABY SEAL IN CLOVER: THE PALACE OF BEAUTY GIRLS AND THEIR PET FROM THE WASH.

The famous Hoffman Girls, whose Webbing Act in "Leap Year," at the London Hippodrome is so successful, recently paid a visit to Murray's Club at Maidenhead, and not only enjoyed themselves very much, but contributed to the delight of other river-goers by their high spirits and gaiety.—Miss Toots Pounds, the well-known comedienne, who, with her sister, Miss Lorna Pounds, is now appearing at the London Palladium in "The Whirl

of the World," was also present, and did a thrilling diving act, being launched by Myrio, the partner of Mlle. Nattova, of the same entertainment. These two Russian dancers gave an exhibition of their skill on the deck of the river steamer "Good Hope."—Our photograph of Wembley's baby seal with the Palace of Beauty girls was taken by the side of the Lake at the Exhibition.—[Photographs by G.P.U. and C.P.P.]

Continued.]

"To-night," I said, "you shall go home neither by train nor taxi, neither by tram nor omnibus nor car. I have a surprise for you."

"I hate aeroplanes," said Phyllis, yawning. "I meant a boat."

"A boat, Mr. Moon?"

"A boat, Miss Fair."

The Thames is quite the most charming of the two or three clubs now dotted along the river of London, and I had formed a romantic and original plan. Both of us were again invited for the week-end to the Banburys at Mortlake. The day before I had taken down my sailing dinghy, the *White Witch*, and moored her off the Thames. There was a moon. It was fine. I proposed that after the dancing Phyllis and I should travel to Mortlake on the flood tide: a romantic sail (or possibly drift) in the moonlight.

I eloquently developed my ideas, and waited anxiously for the reply.

"I think I should want a chaperon for that," said Phyllis.

To this astonishing remark I deemed it best to make no reply. After all, I am a married man.

We finished the journey in comparative silence, but for the yells of infuriated pedestrians which followed the taxi.

The Thames is on the south bank, built in white stone, and from the river it looks like the villa of a Roman emperor, with a wide quadrangle which suggests a Roman bath. It is very quiet and sedate and clean. The band plays in a muffled, delicate fashion, soothing rather than exciting.

After two dances, performed by Phyllis with less than her usual gaiety, we went and sat in the court, the moon above us, the lights of London dancing across the river, the trams like lighted palaces swaying along the Embankment and swimming in the water. To our right the great dome of St. Paul's hung in the sky, the ghost of a dome in the cloudy moonlight. It was very hot. The band played softly far away. I had no doubt that such an evening would drive away the black hags of Friday.

"I think I'm cross, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis, fanning herself.

"It would be a pity to be cross on a night like this."

"If I'm not cross," said she, "I don't know what it is."

"Perhaps it's——" I began, and, just then, looking back through the windows at the dancers, I observed, with a satisfaction which I easily controlled, a familiar figure.

"There's Mr. Smith," I said.

"Oh, good," said Phyllis, turning her head. "I told him we were coming here."

"Did you, indeed?" I answered thoughtfully.

"Who's he with?"

"Someone we both know," I answered thoughtfully.

"I hope you're not jealous, Mr. Moon. I hate jealousy."

"Certainly not, Miss Fair. Why should I be?"

There was no answer.

"Jealousy," I went on, "is quite alien from my character. I take the civilised view of these things."

"What is that, Mr. Moon?"

"Any common enthusiasm is known to be the surest ground for friendship. If Mr. Smith and I were both devoted to Shakespeare this would help us to be firm friends. Logically there is no distinction between Shakespeare and a fascinating young woman. Logically, therefore, Mr. Smith and I should be drawn together—as though by a common hobby——"

"A what, Mr. Moon?"

"A common enthusiasm. And logically we should be able together to enjoy your society. Speaking for myself, I am perfectly ready to do so."

"Are you, Mr. Moon?"

"Euclid laid it down that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. He knew."

"Didn't he also say," said Phyllis quietly, "that two parallel lines should never meet?"

"True," I said. "But it was you who told Mr. Smith that we were coming—Hullo!"

Mr. Smith stood beside us, with a lady. I shook hands warmly.

"Hullo," he said. "Do you know Miss Isabel Gay?" And he presented me to my dear wife Angela.

This has happened once or twice before in the course of a Bachelor Moon, though the circumstances of the present introduction were perhaps peculiarly unfortunate—unfortunate, I mean, for Mr. Smith. Isabel Gay is my wife's old stage-name, and when she is Isabel she wears a golden wig (with fringe) and the wonderful blue dress in which she made her hit as Dolly Troddles in "The Purple Patch." She looks dazzling.

The rule is strict on these occasions that her incognita must be preserved, so far as possible. Phyllis knows the rules, and gave her an affable smile, which Angela did not seem to see. To Mr. Smith Phyllis gave the hundredth part of a curt nod.

"How d'you do?" said Angela sweetly. "I think we've met before, Mr. Moon?"

"I believe we have," I answered gravely.

"May I have a dance, Miss Gay? I dare say Mr. Smith and Phyllis would like to have a talk."

For reasons of my own I believe the talk, as a talk, was a failure, though all that I caught as we went inside was the one word, "Well?" uttered in a tone of challenge, not to say reproach. The word was uttered by Phyllis.

I much enjoyed my dance with my wife, and I remember that I clapped for an encore at the close of each instalment.

"How is Mrs. Moon?" said my partner after a while. "I've heard so much about her."

"She is looking extremely well," I said.

"I expect you'll be glad to see her again," said Angela, smiling.

"I shall," I said. "In ten days, now."

"Not earlier?"

"It rests with her."

Angela smiled again.

"I daresay she's enjoying herself."

"It's conceivable," I said, as the dance ended. "By the way, if you should happen to see her——"

"Yes?"

"You might assure her that I'm behaving splendidly."

"I'm sure you are, Mr. Moon."

Phyllis, I observed, sat in much the same pose of remote and subtle discontent as she had had before the arrival of Mr. Smith. As for Mr. Smith, he looked crumpled. I was quite sorry for Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith took me aside and stammered at me in a corner. Mr. Smith reads too many novels.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Moon," he began.

"Really, I am—I'd no idea——"

"What about?" I said.

"About your wife. I'd no idea. Really, I——"

"That's all right, my boy," I said magnanimously.

"I thought she was a widow—really, I did——"

"Of course," I said. "Anyone would. Whatever's the matter?"

"You're sure you're not annoyed?" he said, relieved. "Phyllis seemed to think—I don't quite understand why——"

"Ah," I shook my head. "I shouldn't try, my boy. These women!—She does dance beautifully, doesn't she?"

Mr. Smith grinned, and we shook hands—the Lord knows why.

We joined the others and sat in silence for some time.

"It's a glorious band," said Phyllis primly, at last, as the music began again.

"I think it's *too* awful," said Angela.

After another silence Angela shivered a little, and Phyllis said solicitously, "Wouldn't you like a wrap, Miss Gay? You look cold."

This, it seemed, was an offensive observation, for Angela said, shortly but sweetly, "I'm warm as a toast, thank you," and looked colder than ever. She also added, "You're looking tired, my dear."

Not liking the tone of this conversation, I said breezily, "Well, my lad, we mustn't waste our time, must we?" and shuffled my feet as if about to rise.

"Shall we dance, Gordon?" said Angela brightly.

Mr. Smith looked timidly at Phyllis, and sheepishly at me. He then led Angela sheepishly away. Poor Mr. Smith!

The tide was making up. A tug swished lazily past, winking one red eye at us.

"Still cross?" I murmured at last.

"Not with you," said Phyllis surprisingly, and turned upon me a sweet and melting smile—and if you understand this change of air you know more about the creatures than I do.

"Poor Mr. Smith!" I said gently. "He only wanted a dance."

"If you think I'm jealous——"

"Certainly not. You thought better of him—that's all."

Phyllis smiled, but said nothing.

"It's just as well," I said, "you don't think better of me. Shall we dance?"

"Or shall we go?" said Phyllis. "Do you know, John—I rather like the idea of your 'surprise'? How lovely it looks on the water!"

"A little awkward—now— isn't it?" I ventured cautiously.

"Awkward, Mr. Moon?"

"We may be seen, you know."

"I should rather like young Gordon to see us," said Phyllis with strange intensity. "As for you, Mr. Moon, I thought you didn't mind what anyone said about you——"

"I wasn't thinking of 'anyone,'" I replied.

"Of course, if you're afraid, Mr. Moon——"

"What about your chaperon, Miss Fair?"

"Damn the chaperon!" said Phyllis surprisingly; and then, with great energy, "Think what fun we'd have escaping, John—all stealthily—showing no lights— Oh, do let's!" And she laid an appealing, friendly, impulsive little hand on my arm.

And then, even as madness must have possessed Mr. Smith that Friday, a madness came upon me.

"I wish," I said, "that you and Angela could be friends."

"But, of course," said Phyllis, "I think she's wonderful—I adore her," she added.

"Real friends," I persisted—I have heard Phyllis adore soda-water. "It's the same story—things which are equal to the same thing, you know——"

"Parallel lines," murmured Phyllis.

"Here you are," I continued, warming to my theme, "two first-class creatures—in very different ways, of course; and, to use your own expression, I adore the two of you——"

"In very different ways, of course," said Phyllis.

"Exactly. And what distresses me is that you *don't* adore each other. Look how Mr. Smith and I get on together. But *you* women——"

"But we *do*, John," said Phyllis, gazing over the water. "Anyhow, I do. There's another tug. Oh, do let's go!"

I nerved myself, and said insanely—

"Well, shall we ask Angela to come?"

There was a dreadful little pause.

"Very well, John," said Phyllis. Then, very quietly, "Let's."

[Continued on Page xii.]

The "Slinky" Elegance of 1924.



"THE MANNEQUIN": BY LEWIS BAUMER.

From the Picture by Lewis Baumer, exhibited recently at the Fine Art Society.

Bride-Elect of a Coldstreamer: Lord Derby's Niece.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN BOOKER MILBURN, D.S.O., M.C.: MISS VIOLET STANLEY.

Miss Violet Alice Stanley, whose engagement to Captain Booker Milburn, D.S.O., M.C., Coldstream Guards, second son of the late Mr. William Milburn, has been announced, is the elder daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Victor Albert Stanley, C.B., M.V.O., brother of the Earl of Derby. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Stanley is a daughter

of the Hon. C. E. Pooley, K.C., President of the British Columbia Executive Council; and Vice-Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley is a very distinguished sailor. He served in the Egyptian War, and fought at the Battle of Jutland. He was appointed Naval A.D.C. to the King in 1915, and has held many important posts.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Nursery Portraiture — Twins and Their Mother.



WITH MICHAEL AND THEODOSIA: THE HON. MRS. PATRICK ACHESON.

The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Acheson is the wife of the Hon. Patrick Acheson, D.S.O., M.V.O., R.N., brother of the Earl of Gosford, and is the daughter of Mr. Alfred Jones, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. She

was married in 1915, and has a son, Master Nicholas Archibald Edward Patrick Acheson, born in 1917, as well as the enchanting baby twins shown in our photographic study.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



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PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: NO. XXXIV. BERNARD



JOAN THE MAID ARRIVES AT VAUCOULERS:
MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.



JOAN CONVINCES ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT: DE POULENGY (VICTOR LEWISOHN), THE MAID (SYBIL THORNDIKE), AND BAUDRICOURT (SHAYLE GARDNER), L. TO R.



AFTER THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII.: JOAN THE MAID IN THE AMBULATORY
OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.



THE MAID TEARS UP HER RECANTATION PAPER: MISS

George Bernard Shaw's deeply interesting chronicle play, "Saint Joan," at the New Theatre, with Miss Sybil Thorndike in the name-part, has proved a tremendous success, and Miss Thorndike has added further laurels to her already large collection by her performance as the Maid. The production is a beautiful one, and the acting of every member of the cast is worthy of so notable a play. The action opens in February 1429 and shows the Maid gaining a hearing with de Baudricourt and convincing him. The subsequent scenes are laid at Chinon, in March 1429, and by the bank of the Loire near Orleans in May of the same year, dramatic use being made of the well-known incident of the change of wind which rendered it possible for the French to attack successfully. Lord Warwick's tent in the English Camp; and Rheims Cathedral in July 1429, after

SHAW'S "SAINT JOAN," AT THE NEW THEATRE.



THE MAID RECOGNISES THE BLOOD ROYAL IN SPITE OF ATTEMPTS TO TRICK HER:
JOAN AT THE COURT OF THE DAUPHIN (ERNEST THESIGER).



THE MIRACLE OF THE CHANGE OF THE WIND: JOAN, DUNOIS' PAGE (JACK
HAWKINS), AND DUNOIS (ROBERT HORTON) ON THE BANKS OF THE LOIRE.



SYBIL THORNDIKE AS JOAN ABOUT TO GO TO HER DEATH.



THE EPILOGUE: CHARLES VII. (ERNEST THESIGER) AND BROTHER MARTIN
(LAWRENCE ANDERSON) IN 1456.

the Coronation of the Dauphin, are the next two scenes, and the second half of the play is occupied by the terrible Trial, when the Maid recants—and then, with a renewal of her fine spirit, tears up the paper and goes to her burning. The final scene is in the form of the much-discussed Epilogue, when all the actors in the tragic drama of the Maid's burning visit Charles the Seventh's bed-room and talk over the affair. They are reinforced by an Anglican priest in modern dress—a Shavian touch which has roused much comment. Considerable discussion has also taken place in regard to the Lancashire accent in which Joan is made to speak—this being, of course, Shaw's convention to suggest her peasant origin. Miss Thorndike gives a magnificent performance.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE PUPPET OPERA," AT THE GARRICK.

HERE they are again, our dear little friends the Italian Marionettes, at the newly titivated Garrick, and the more we see them the better we love them, these *homunculi*, true to life in effigy, awakened to reality by magic hands. They are a wonderful make-believe. After a while the wires seem to vanish, and we behold a little world as through inverted opera-glasses. Since their appearance at the Scala the art of simulation has developed to greater perfection, and now that the English singers have become accustomed to the puppets, there reigns not only poetry in motion, but harmony of tone. The opera of "Ali Baba," with its charming music, humorously rendering overture, arias, and ensemble numbers in pocket edition, is—with a stretch of imagination—as "grand" as "Aïda" at Covent Garden.

But, as before, the variety programme is the culmination of puppet art. Once seen, you never forget the concert party, with the polite and enthusiastic accompanist, and Abbé Liszt in miniature, with the soprano clasping her little hands to her ample bosom, with the *mezzo* fondling her immense necklace of beads, with the baritone beating his manly breast in ecstasy, and the *basso profundo*, his hair on end, his mouth yawning like an abyss, pumping up grave, deep notes *de profundis*. You never forget the delectable scene of the three lovers, each with his musicians, fiddles, and cornets, blaring love-lorn songs at the window of their innamorata, who bestows her favours on one of them while the police carry the other two to the station for disturbing the rest of the tiny lamplit street in Suburbia. One never forgets Serafina on the sphere, a sphere bigger than herself, which she rolls and carries, defying the powers of the late-lamented Mr. Atlas. One never forgets the nigger acrobat, so lithe, so flexible of limb, so colossally audacious in his feats of strength on the tight rope; yet one never ceases wondering how, by mere manipulation of fingers, a doll carved of wood and run on wires can become a being so vital, so delusive, that the little girl next to me asked her mother, "Mummy, from which country do these dwarfs come?"

J. T. G.

II.

"THE ODD SPOT," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

WHEN a dozen people conspire and combine to produce a revue of some twenty-four numbers, the amused yet bemused spectator is in such a confusion of mind that, for a moment at least, he mixes up the whirligig of people, colours, tunes, scenes, songs, orchestral razzle-dazzle, and hesitates to point out the pick of the basket. At a first shot he would, of course, say Binnie Hale, for she is the star, with a kaleidoscopic face, and mind to match: a capital dancer, with exquisite grace of limbs; a fair mimic when she chooses the right people (and this time only her amiable parody of Phyllis Dare was a trump—the rest like the curate's egg); she is also a capital actress, and maybe some day she will be a fine *diseuse*. At present among the divine gifts of nature one is not given to her in fulness—and that is pathos. She recited a little heart-break story; it was nicely told, but there was no pang. I began to think of Yvette

Guilbert or of A. W. Baskcomb, who not long ago in the same odd spot had moved us by the elegy of old age. That was another story—and a better one. However, time will ripen the feelings of Binnie Hale. Meanwhile, she is a capital humorist. Among the people around her, first praise goes to the chorus, a charming wreath of girls, working with the precision of clockwork, and gowned and *décolletées* in such exquisite mosaic of colour that even I, a mere man, was more interested in the dressmaker than in the song. It is a little weakness of this revue that the music, though orchestrated with greater skill and variety than usual, contains only one song that is

mentioned. I am not so sure whether Mr. John Deverell is a recruit to revue with the marshal's baton in his kit. He had his moments, particularly at the start in a clever skit when one of our Bonzos was bewailed instead of the husband who thought that all those tears were for him. But later Mr. Deverell was like the proverbial fish out of water. He suffered from little attacks of *amnesia primanocialis*, a troublesome little complaint for which a revue-player with many claims on his mind and body deserves our sympathy. As soon as Mr. Deverell feels his feet he should be seen and judged again. As for the skit and sketches, some odd spots will come in for careful revision. But there is one little peach in the basket—the story of the actor who came to the dramatist to hear a play read, and condemned it before the start as melodrama because there was a telephone and a revolver among the "props," whereupon the dramatist, quietly improvising a little scene of life, drove the actor to such a pitch of jealousy and anger that both telephone and revolver came into play. "Ha! ha!" said the author—the other was knocked out. Mr. Arthur Chesney played this slice of life's humour with genuine feeling. To me it was the climax of an evening pleasant in odds and spots.

J. T. G.

III.

BANK HOLIDAY AT THE PALLADIUM.

THREE thousand holiday-makers, fraction of the half-million and more that have already revelled in "The Whirl of the World" at the Palladium! Three thousand happy faces in the house packed like the famous sardine-box. Peals of laughter; roars; explosions as from machine-guns when the two comic geniuses, Billie Merson and Nellie Wallace, launch their sallies, imitate wonderfully, satirically, the Spanish dancers, or mock Romeo and Juliet in an up-to-date Don Juan scene; more cannonade when Nervo and Knox show their "slow-movies"—by this time a classic of variety. Then sudden silence. The masses are entranced by the splendours of the great human shawl, one of de Courville's happiest inventions; by the charm of the wondrous garden, roses, living roses, all the way; by the mystery of the "treasures," marionettes awakened to life by the magic wand, and put to rest again when the clock chimes midnight; by the Russian dancers, Myrio, a Hercules of Apollonic sculpture, and Mlle. Nattova, a *prima ballerina* in her teens, a slip of a girl, as flexible as rubber, as graceful as a Saxony shepherdess. When they gyrated, pranced, and flitted across the stage in winged lightness, there was another outburst of enthusiasm. The festive mood was inexhaustible. The charming Sisters Pounds, the pleasant Beau Brummell Arthur Williams, the sweet-voiced Vera Wray—they all came in for their ovations. They are all favourites, and between them and the audience is such comradeship as makes for freedom and joy. Not a dissentient note mars the happy atmosphere. No cry of "Order!" is heard or needed. The charm of the spectacle, the ceaseless variety of humour and feats of ingenuity and strength keep the many minds occupied, puzzled, and in wonderment. It makes one feel good to spend a Bank Holiday afternoon with the people at the Palladium—out for the day and forgetful of to-morrow's toil and moil.

J. T. G.



THE MADAME POMPADOUR OF THE PROVINCES:
MISS EDITH CECIL.

Miss Edith Cecil, who has been understudying Miss Evelyn Laye in the name-part of "Madame Pompadour," is playing the rôle in the first tour of the successful musical comedy. She can claim to have been Sir Herbert Tree's "mascot"—at the age of six—as he used to carry her on his shoulder during rehearsals of such pieces as His Majesty's as "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

likely to linger; and Mr. Paul England sings it admirably, this ditty of the lad of the village who never wants to go to bed—hands it out admirably in his quaint, telling manner. So Paul England, who was a little nervous, as the general *Stimmung* was at the *première*, is an acquisition. Miss Madge Stuart, charming brunette, serene and distinguished, with a nice voice and distinct delivery, is another. Quaint Vera Bryer, a happy little soul roly-polying wonderful somersaults for our delight, should also be



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(Falstaff)

DEWAR'S THE SPIRIT OF HUMOUR

Humour is the spring that sets laughter going. It plays a great part in the scheme of things; easing many a strain and lightening many a burden. For when all is said and done a good laugh puts one in tune with life and so does the genial charm of . . .

DEWAR'S

Plays of the Moment: No. XXXV. "The Rat."



PART-AUTHOR AND HERO OF "THE RAT": MR. IVOR NOVELLO AS PIERRE BONCHERON.

Mr. Ivor Novello, the well-known composer, actor, and film star, is now to be seen in the name-part of "The Rat," the melodrama at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The name of the author of this play, David L'Estrange, conceals the identities of Miss Constance Collier and

Mr. Ivor Novello, who are jointly responsible for it; and Mr. Ivor Novello is extremely successful in his interpretation of the part of the Apache "hero" of the piece; and, naturally, he looks very picturesque.—[*Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.*]

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THE following document, obviously of ancient origin, provides interesting reading, bearing as it does a close analogy to the recent tournament at the Hurlingham Club—

CHAPTER I.

THE words of the scribes that were in Hur in the land of Ham on the borders of Put.

2. Concerning they of the tribe of the Hittites, and of the Servites, and of the Lobbites, and of the Smashites, and of the Rabbites who strive together continually; the mighty Flan whose driving is like the driving of Mishu, for he driveth furiously.

3. And among the daughters of men, how she of the tribe of Cob prevailed not over the wife of Beam the Coachurite.

4. Now the prince of the rulers of the courts, he who ruled over the dwellers of Hur was Ham, even the Ham of great price.

5. And it came to pass in the latter part of the seventh month, even the month Jool, that the sun was high in the heavens and there was peace over all the land of Hur.

6. But on the second day of the fourth week of the seventh month, even the month Jool, behold, a great cloud came over the face of the firmament.

7. And the rain descended, and the floods came and beat upon the courts so that there could not be found so much as one dry place upon the grass in all the land of Hur.

8. Then Ham, the prince of rulers, smote upon his breast and cried, Woe is me, for I am undone.

9. Verily the labours of my hands are set at naught and everything will go into the land of Phut.

10. And it vexed him sore that though ruler of the land of Hur yet could he not stop the fountains of the firmament, nor cause the waters from heaven to dry up from off the earth.

11. And he rent his clothes.

12. For it grieved him much to see the Hittites, and the Servites, and the Lobbites, and the Smashites, and the Rabbites standing idle in the land of Hur.

13. For he had been commanded to prove them, within the space of six days: whether they be strong or weak, whether they be good or bad.

14. Then did Ham, the prince of the rulers of the courts, even the Ham of great price, go forth to spy out the land.

15. And it was told him that there was certain red land against which the waters of the firmament could not prevail.

16. And he came to this land, and looked upon it, and he saw that it was good. Wherefore the name of the land that was red is called Ontookah to this day, because the waters of the firmament could not prevail against it.

17. And Ham lifted up his voice and spake unto the elders, saying, Speak ye unto all the congregation of Hur that they rise up early in the morning, and go forth on to the red land that is called Ontookah, that I may prove them.

18. Now there were some of the tribe of the Rabbites that murmured, saying, This is a strange red land that we know not of; give us of the green land of our inheritance lest some evil befall us.

19. But he could not, for the waters of the firmament covered all the face of the green land.

20. Only on the red land, that is called Ontookah, was there no water.

21. Then the Hittites, and the Servites, and the Lobbites, and the Smashites, and the Rabbites, they who murmured against Ham, even the Ham of great price, went forth on to the red dry land to be proven.

CHAPTER II.

NOW of the sons of men of the tribe of the Hittites, and of the Servites, and of the Lobbites, and of the Smashites, and of the Rabbites that went forth to be proven there were numbered seventy and one.

2. And of the daughters of men that went forth to be proven were numbered two score and ten.

3. And it came to pass that among the sons of men was Hel, even Hel the greater.

4. And a mighty man of valour was Hel.

5. For behold, he came up against the Temple; and he did stretch out his arm over the Temple, and the Temple was laid low.

6. Howbeit, thereafter did Bel, the solemn Bel, strive with Hel the greater.

7. And he did give him that which his name signifies.

8. Then did the end of the work of Ham, the prince of the rulers of the courts, draw nigh; even the work which he had been commanded to perform, to prove the dwellers in Hur.

9. And it came to pass that there were on the sixth day but two remaining.

10. And the name of the one was Bel, even the solemn Bel.

11. And the name of the other was Flan.

12. Howbeit, it was noised abroad that the name of Flan was a false name. For he desired not that any should learn that he was in the land of Hur.

13. And he remained thus covered for six

days. And no man was able to discern him, either in his going out or his coming in.

14. This only they said, His driving is like the driving of Mishu, for he driveth furiously.

15. And it came to pass that Flan did smite the solemn Bel, hip and thigh. Nevertheless was his adversary stiff-necked and rebellious, even as it is recorded thus on the tables of stone:

16. As to the first part, to him that is called Flan there were given six and to the other three.

17. As to the second part, to him that is called Bel there were six and to the other two.

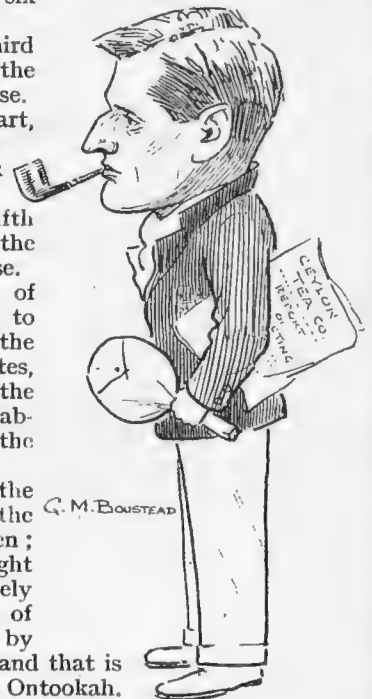
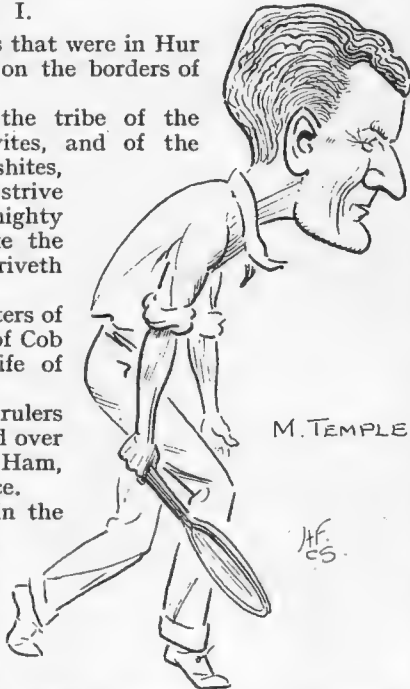
18. And as to the third part, it was even as the second, but contrariwise.

19. As to the fourth part, to him that is called Bel there were given six and to the other four.

20. Lastly, as to the fifth part, it was even, as the fourth, but contrariwise.

21. Thus was Flan of the false name proved to be greatest among the Hittites, and the Servites, and the Lobbites, and the Smashites, and the Rabbites that dwelt in the land of Hur.

22. And unto Ham, the prince of the rulers of the courts, was glory given; in that he had brought the children of Hur safely through the six days of proving on dry ground by the red land, even the land that is known unto this day as Ontookah.

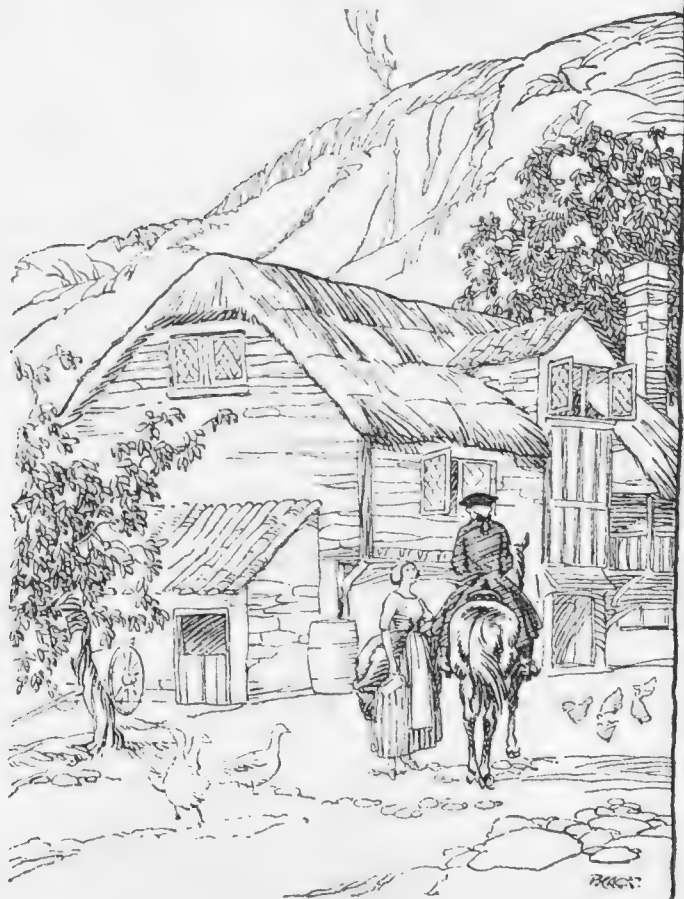


Notes on choosing a Wine



Sauterne

Contrary to general supposition, a wine with even a genuine Château label is not necessarily a fine wine. Between the gathering of the vintage and the drinking are many circumstances that may spoil your delicate Sauterne. But know who selected, shipped and bottled it—know that an established reputation is at stake—and you can be confident that the wine thus identified is good.



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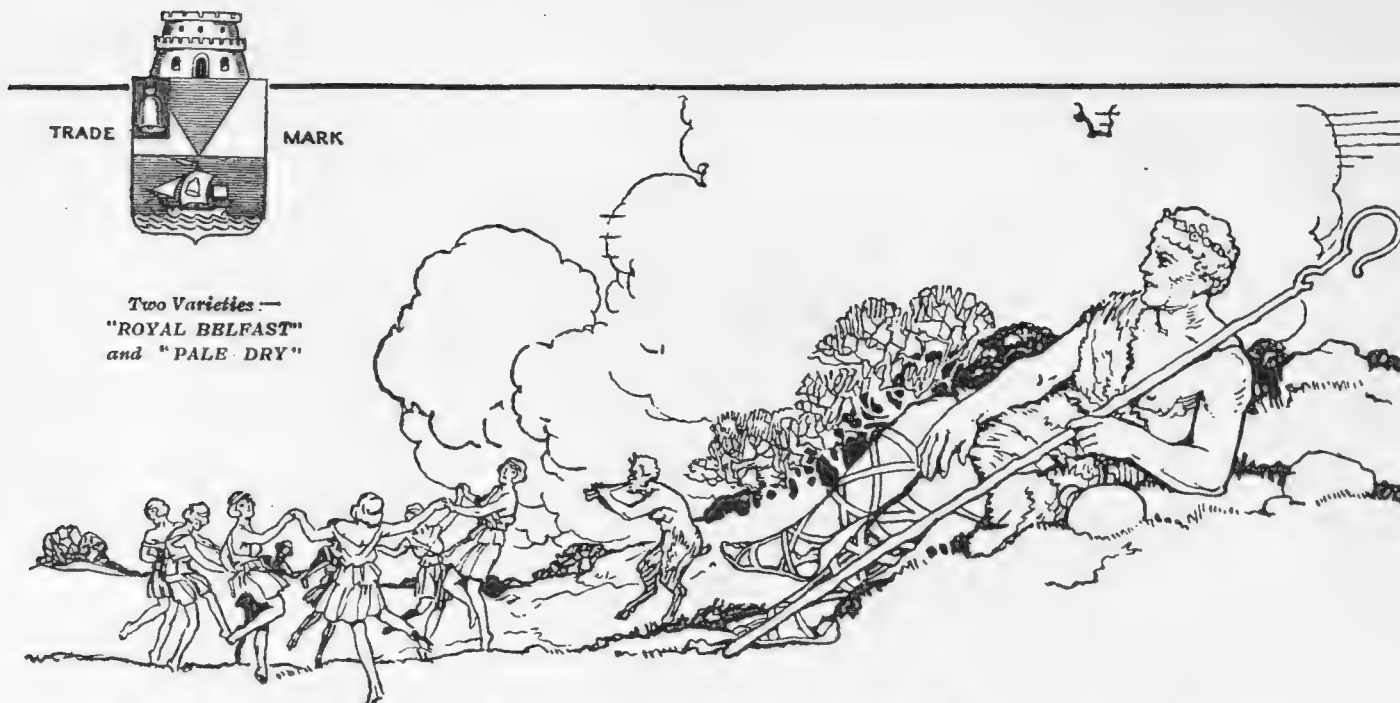
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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The Temple. All good Londoners know the Temple, but few of them know how it came to be built, who built it, why it was called the Temple, or how the lawyers got hold of it. Strange that hundreds and thousands of people should be content to pass the Temple every day of the week, or wander through its courts, and yet know nothing of its origin! Why, to begin with, is it called the Temple?

Mr. J. Bruce Williamson has endeavoured to answer all these questions in a mighty volume, carefully compiled, handsomely illustrated, patiently and lovingly written, called "The History of the Temple, London." From this volume you will learn all there is to be known about the Temple. One question, however, even Mr. Williamson cannot answer. He does not know—nobody knows—how the men of law got there. Anyway, there they are, and there—since it is one of the quietest, most charming, and most convenient spots in London—you may be pretty sure they will stay. Imagination will not picture the sort of upheaval it would need to get the lawyers and barristers out of the Temple.

For all that, lawyers were not the first inhabitants of the Temple. For the origin of the name we must go back to the Crusades.

Knights of the Temple.

The brotherhood of Soldier Monks, or Knights of the Temple, was founded in 1118, in order to protect the pilgrims to the Holy Land. These good knights renounced all earthly ambition, elected to live like ecclesiastics under regular rule after the order of St. Augustine, and took upon themselves before the Patriarch of Jerusalem the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. "As they had no fixed place of abode, Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, gave them a residence within the precincts of his own palace on Mount Moriah near the church known as the Temple of Solomon; while the clergy of the Temple, inspired by his example, added ground for the erection of necessary offices, and other benefactors supplied the means of maintaining the Knights in food and clothing."

Thus the Knights of the Temple came into being.

The Order flourished after a while, and spread to England. The Knights chose London for their headquarters, and built themselves a house in Holborn, just about the top of the street which we call Chancery Lane.

This House soon became too small for their requirements, so they moved down the hill

to a pleasant site on the banks of the Thames, and began to rebuild their church.

And that, very shortly, is the history of the origin of the Temple. What was London like at that time?

When the Temple was Built.

"FitzStephen, the biographer of Becket," writes Mr. Williamson, "and himself a Londoner, in his famous description of his native city at this time, states that from the city walls to the King's palace at Westminster there was a continuous succession of houses surrounded by gardens and orchards, and, if this description be correct, it was probably to one of those houses that the Knights now removed. How they became possessed of their new holding, whether by purchase or by the liberality of some pious benefactor, there is at present no evidence to show. . . .

"That the ground which the Templars thus occupied was extensive appears from what is later known of the limits of their holding. On the south it was bounded by the river, and on the north by the roadway

imitate their predecessors, or that there is any necessity for that, but comparisons are sometimes interesting.

Loud talking, for example, was discouraged. At meal times, if a worthy Knight wanted a piece of bread or a glass of water, did he yell out for it? Certainly not. He made his wants known by a sign, or, if he spoke at all, it was very gently, and with due reverence to those at table.

In diet they were moderate, but not ascetic, and meals were taken two by two, the idea being that one would watch the other to see that he neither starved himself nor ate too much. Meat was eaten three days a week; on the other days they had pulse and beans. They were not teetotalers; wine and water was their tippie, half and half.

Whilst all this was going forward, one of the Knights would read to the brethren out of a sacred book. There were no evening papers in those days, nor did the Knights discuss the fortunes of the day on the race-course. All was peaceful in Fleet Street. The newsboy with his bewitching voice had not as yet come into being.

The Daily Round.

"At sunset, on the ringing of the bell, all were to attend compline, before which, if the Master thought fit, a general light collation might be allowed and wine partaken of, but sparingly and mixed with water. After compline all were to retire to rest, when conversation was not to be permitted, except such as the urgency of military affairs might render necessary, and what was then said must be spoken softly, for in much speaking you escape not sin, and life and death are in the hands of the tongue. For sleeping, a sack, a

mattress, and a covering were to be sufficient, and all were enjoined to sleep clothed in shirt and breeches, and with a lamp always burning.

"For their daily habit their garments were to be of one colour: white—as emblematic that, having separated from the world, they had laid aside a dark life and were pledged to chastity which is the security of the soul and the health of the body. To the other brethren it was only permitted to wear black or brown. Any brother desiring the best or finest garment was to be given the worst. All were to keep their hair and beards trimmed with regularity, so that there should be neither superfluity nor eccentricity. Each Knight might have three horses, but gold and silver were not to be used on bridle, spur, or armour, and if received by way of gift such metals were to be

(Continued overleaf.)



AT RANGEMOOR: THE CHRISTENING OF THE SON OF CAPT. THE HON. EVAN AND LADY MAUD BAILLIE.

From left to right (front row): are Captain the Hon. Evan Baillie, Baroness Burton (holding Michael Evan Victor Baillie) the Dowager Lady Burton, and Lady Maud Baillie. In the back row are the Duke of Devonshire, Colonel Baillie, and the Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Maud Baillie is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, and her husband is the elder son of Baroness Burton and Colonel Baillie.—[Photograph by Hunters.]

subsequently known as Fleet Street and the Strand; but the bounds east and west are less certain. It has been usual to define them as the White Friars establishment on the east and the Bishop of Exeter's house on the west; but as that Friary did not come into existence until the reign of Henry III., and there appears to be no evidence that the Exeter see held property in this neighbourhood during the twelfth century, such a description can only indicate what the boundaries were at a much later date."

The Knights also had some land across the water.

The Knights at Home.

I hope all the present students of the Temple will read this book, because they ought to know what sort of men they had for predecessors. I don't say they will

(Continued.)

coloured to dim their lustre, that all appearance of arrogance might be avoided."

Enter the Law. Well, that, I think, is a very interesting picture of the Temple in the days of its origin. Suddenly the Temple passes out of history for a time, and the next thing we know is that the Apprentices of the Law were settled in



AT THE ROYAL FOWEY YACHT CLUB (CORNWALL) REGATTA: "Q"—THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, SIR ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH—AS COMMODORE.

"Q," the well-known novelist, who is Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, was Commodore at the Royal Fowey Yacht Club (Cornwall) Regatta, and is shown in our snapshot at the top of the steps. Considerable interest was aroused by the fact that the famous clipper, the "Cutty Sark," was moored in the river.

Photograph by T.P.A.

what was called the New Temple, and in possession of records which were unhappily destroyed.

When you or I buy or sell a house, the lawyers make a considerable fuss about a deed which they call the Title. You may have a good Title, or a bad Title, or a medium Title, but a Title of some sort you must exhibit to prove your right to sell the house or your right to live in it.

What sort of a Title can the present occupants of the Temple produce? I ask merely for information. These records were unhappily destroyed, so that no man can say when the apprentices arrived at the Temple, or on what terms, or whence. The whole transaction is a mystery. All we know is that they suddenly appeared in the Temple, and have never since shown the slightest indication of budging.

The Temple Gardens. The public, of course, know the Temple Gardens far better than the buildings themselves. Of these famous Gardens our author writes:

"The cultivation and appearance of the Temple Gardens no doubt varied considerably from time to time. In an engraving of the Temple Inns, as they appeared in the reign of Charles II., many trees are shown planted in rows with great regularity, alike in the upper and lower areas of the King's Bench Walks and in the gardens on both sides of Middle Temple Lane. Little information is available in respect of the

Gardens of the Middle Temple Society, and the details which follow come from the accounts of the Inner House, but probably similar trees were in favour with both Societies.

"Elms, Chestnuts, and Limes are much in evidence. There is likewise mention of standard Laurels, Junipers, Hollies, and Yews. Fruit trees also occur—Plum, Peach, Nectron, Cherry, and Orange trees. The Orange trees were removed for a portion of the year to Islington. Apart from the Walks the Inner Temple seems to have had three gardens—the Great garden, the Benchers' garden, and the Privy garden. The Benchers' garden had a fountain in it with a lion's face and a copper scallop-shell into which the water fell."

Sufficient to add that the gardener at the Inner Temple received £30 per annum, whilst his colleague of the Middle Temple was paid £16 per annum.

And the world went very well then.

"The Sad Adventurers." A story here out of the ordinary. The title very aptly describes it, and it is not every title which describes its own novel.

He was English, she was American, and they were married, and they were going to Europe. They were going to live at Brassington Hall, the country seat of his family in Surrey.

He loved her; not a doubt of that. And she loved him, although he was a good deal older than herself. Where, then, the sadness?

It began on the ship. She was ill, but he was all right. Very much all right. The smoking-room was the place for him. There was a fine fellow to be met in the smoking-room—a Mr. Kane. Excellent company.

When she got better she talked about Brassington Hall to some English people on the boat. It was her husband's place, and they would live there. The English people seemed puzzled. They knew Brassington Hall, of course; but—oh, well, never mind.

Then her handsome husband confessed. He didn't own Brassington Hall, after all. His father had kicked him out when a boy. The sadness had begun. He was a liar, this splendid husband. And what had he done to make his father kick him out?

There was more sadness even before they left the ship. Kane was not a very nice gentleman, although good company. Kane had to see the captain about a game of cards. Kane had marked the cards, and the handsome husband was somehow mixed up in it.

And so they got to Europe, to Europe, and wandered about on the Continent. How did they live? From hand to mouth. Well, that's all right. Lots of honest, charming people live from hand to mouth. But how did her handsome husband pick up his money? All sorts of little ways. Cleverish little ways, but honest? No, if the truth must be told. Not quite honest. They were always moving on, moving on, and sometimes the moves had to be rather hurried.

She got him back to America at last. She had a mother in America.

The husband, not quite so handsome by

this time, put up with domesticity for a while. How long would he stand it?

Europe began to pull. He said he must go back to Europe. Would she not come with him? After all, you see, he still loved her.

She refused. She had a dread of Europe. She couldn't begin all that over again. So he said he would go alone.

And he did go alone. But not to Europe. He went a great deal further than Europe. . . . The sad adventurers.

As I said, a story out of the ordinary. I think you will agree.

"Rufus." More America. These American stories are coming over quite freely just now. England seems to be out of fashion as a setting.

Dr. Bruce was a very clever doctor. He specialised in the complaints of children. But the war had bowled him over, and now his life was a misery. Nerves, and no work, and a wheeled chair.

But he had compensations. Plenty of money, of course, and a delightful house, and a faithful man-servant whose life he had saved in the war.

Enter a niece, one Nancy by name. She asked if she might come for a week. He didn't want her for a week. He didn't want her for a day. He didn't want anybody.

Still, he could not very well refuse. So Nancy arrived, and they had their meals in separate rooms.

Nancy, being a girl, plotted. She plotted to get him interested once again in his work. So she found a child that needed the skill of a clever doctor and brought it to the house.

But where is the love story? Ah!



THREE GENERATIONS AT CLARENCE HOUSE: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WITH PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR, AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND MASTER RAMSAY.

This snapshot shows H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught with his son and daughter-in-law, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and his daughter, Lady Patricia Ramsay, with her small son, Master Ramsay. The Duke is seated between his grandson and his daughter-in-law, Princess Arthur.—[Photograph by Alexander Corbett.]

Suppose Nancy, after all, was *not* the niece of the doctor? Suppose she was no relation at all?

Wonderful.

The History of the Temple, London. By J. Bruce Williamson. (John Murray; 21s. net.)

The Sad Adventurers. By Maryse Rutledge. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

Rufus. By Grace S. Richmond. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

OLD · TIME · CUSTOMS ·



Beating of the Bounds.—

The name given to the annual observance by which the ancient parish boundaries are sustained.

On Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day, the clergy, with parochial officers and other parishioners, followed by the boys of the parish school, go in procession to the different parish boundaries, which boundaries the boys strike with peeled willow-wands. Sometimes, at important points in the procession, the boys are whipped "to make them remember." The custom is not confined to England.

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Cleaning Fabric Coachwork Panels.

That enterprising combination of Sunbeam, Clement-Talbot, Darracq, and Rotax firms recently gave the writer an opportunity to see the latest types of the Weymann fabric panels in place of metal for coachwork by showing me some specimens built by those well-known coach-

Weymann saloon, coachwork on quite big chassis—in fact, large limousines—this easy method of washing, with no polishing required (except, perhaps, once a month with furniture polish), makes this type of construction particularly liked by chauffeurs and lazy persons like yours truly. When at Lyons the other day I watched a brawny-

armed *femme de chambre*, after polishing the saloon floor with beeswax, continue on the panels of the Renault saloon outside the *porte cochère*, so beeswax seems as good a finishing agent as any other sort of polish. But we do not use that medium much in England, and I do not advise its application.

Light-Car Rear Screens.

Lightness in coachwork also requires light-weighted fittings, and this applies particularly to most of the present-day small-powered cars. Quite recently I was discussing the question of the compulsory rear screen on four-seated touring cars, complaining that fit them as standard they largely increased

entrance or exit. But for further information apply to 88, Chancery Lane, W.C.2, and view it at these show-rooms, not forgetting to take with you the measurement of the width inside your car, if other than the make I mentioned. This is necessary for your own good, as I have seen people buy rear screens that have not been wide enough to protect completely both passengers in the seat, though excellent for one. Personally, I use an M.E. screen on my own touring car, because I want a very wide and adjustable screen for a five-seater bus; but then that is not a "light" car. These cost about £15, but are a well-finished product, designed for full-sized motor-carriages, with Triplex glass when ordered. Their offices, by the way, have been removed from Regent Street to their fitting and equipping shops at 10, Eccleston Place, Belgrave Square, S.W. There was a sort of unofficial opening of these new show-rooms last week, and many prominent motorists gathered there to see the new oak panel of the saloon, to say naught of the famous moose's head that the managing director shot in Canada when on tour. Among those present were Sir Harry Foster, Ernest M. Instone, J.P., Frank Shorland, Alan R. Fenn, and Bertram Foster acting as host on behalf of his fellow-directors. Now you can walk in, choose your screen, the man brings the car into the garage under the show-rooms; you go to luncheon, return and inspect the work, write out your cheque, and drive off in comfort when sitting behind the rear screen, feeling that it's quite enough to pay, but it's been a good day's work. After all, one pays willingly for good and quick work, which is what you can get, now show-rooms and work-rooms are under one roof.



A FAMOUS 20-H.P. CAR AND A "TEN-MAN-POWER" CELEBRITY:
A 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE AND THE STATUE OF KING REWAH.

Our snapshot shows one of the 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce cars standing in front of a statue of King Rewah, the prehistoric King of Ceylon, who was supposed to equal ten men in knowledge—a ten-man-power monarch, in fact. The monument stands on the road between Sutna and Rewah, in the Calcutta Province of India, and it will be noticed that in the course of ages three of the ten little supporters of the King have disappeared.

builders, H. J. Mulliner and Co., Ltd., on these chassis, with Rotax lighting and starting equipment. I take pains in spelling all these names correctly, as I am apt to muddle titles at times, just as I get mixed between the Sunbeam and Talbot chassis until I look at the radiator, which has to be the face of a car, and I never forget faces. But, having complained that my own car's varnish needed a lot more cleaning than I had time or inclination to give it, all these kind folk collectively and individually came forward in a sort of overwhelming rush to ask me to inspect these fabric-panelled Weymann saloons, which were easy to clean, and wanted very little labour to do it. They were wondrous shiny and bright, and had not the sort of dull lustre noticed when first exhibited at Olympia nearly a year ago. Further, the angular corners had gone, and rounded curves adorned the outside design, for which improvement, I believe, H. J. M. and Co. are responsible. Anyway, to cut a long story short, the saloons were pictures; but "How do you keep them so clean and bright?" was my particular question to be answered. Mulliners said furniture polish and then hose down when you want to, and hose always after coming in when the mud is still wet. The fabric now has such a glossy surface that ordinary dust needs only a duster or a feather brush to remove it, and, after trying both, I think the duster used lightly is quicker in the hands of mere man. Of course, a wet sponge is equally effective (if kept clean from gravel grit) to wash down with, if a hose is not available; but as I have found this fabric-panelled

few makers would fit them as standard they largely increased equipment because the weight and the price of their standard product. The proud possessor of a Morris-Cowley four-seater has fitted—all on his lonesome—a rear screen of the type known as V.F.M., which cost him, complete, 59s. 6d. He fixed it in a few minutes; it is particularly light, and can be removed and packed away out of everybody's way, if not wanted, in a few moments. It was quite effective at forty miles an hour, and he says he prefers it, for a light car, to one of the heavier glass and more elaborate screens available. One of its merits is that it is quite rigid when fixed, and gives instant and complete clearance of both doors for



CARS AS A GRAND STAND: WATCHING THE PLAY AT CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK.

This snapshot from Canterbury Cricket Week shows a number of spectators seated in their cars watching the play—and very comfortable they look.

Photograph by G.P.U.



Four-Ball Golf: An Undeveloped Art.

By R. Endersby Howard.



Condemned— but Popular.

The four-ball match occupies a curious position in golf. It is tremendously popular. I suppose that, on whatever course you like to name, there are a hundred games of this kind for every half-dozen foursomes of the old-fashioned variety. And yet most clubs do their best to suppress it, and most eminent players declare that it is the worst possible means of preparation for the big affairs of the links. No organisation anywhere in the world has ever had the temerity to promote a championship, or other event designed to be important, in the form of a four-ball contest. It is like cigarette-smoking—generally condemned and generally practised. Whether the company consists of first-class golfers or members of the submerged millions, a suggestion to play a four-ball match almost invariably meets with as favourable a reception as the bright idea of the musical-comedy hero who bounds on to the stage at the end of Act I. and says: "Let's all go to Morocco!" The proposal must have some merits, or it would not receive such approbation.

Primitive Ways.

The attitude of club committees is dictated by regard for the general comfort. They tolerate the four-ball match on the less busy days; they usually prohibit it at the crowded periods, such as week-ends. To intersperse it with singles—which a great many people still like to play—would be to create delays all round the course. The famous golfers who pronounce it to be a pernicious institution—"the curse of amateur golf," as one has described it—base their criticism on the ground that it breeds a type of player who lacks self-reliance and who permits himself frequent outbursts of recklessness. Trusting to the chance of his partner saving the situation if necessary, he goes for death-or-glory shots which he would not attempt if he had to take the full responsibility for their failure. There may be a great deal of truth in this contention, but it occurs to one that four-ball play, as it now proceeds, is extremely primitive as an art—possibly because, in the absence of classic events at this form of the game, there has been no particular incentive to develop its finer points.

Pursuing a System.

Generalship and co-operation of the highest order might be introduced into the four-ball match by the right pair of players—a pair with the mutual gift of working in unison. I was reminded of this subject when watching the recent contest for £400, in which the British couple, George Duncan and Abe Mitchell, beat the American couple, Walter Hagen and Macdonald Smith, on the St. George's Hill and Oxhey courses. The Americans obviously had a system. It was that Smith should endeavour to make sure of halving the holes with the British side, thus leaving Hagen a free hand to

attempt the brilliant things that might win holes. Smith was always for finding the safe way to the green that would lead to the par figure, assuming that the recognised allowance of two putts proved sufficient for him once he had arrived there. He



A WELL-KNOWN FINANCIER AT NORTH
BERWICK: MR. OTTO KAHN.

Mr. Otto Kahn, the well-known American financier, has taken Earl Balfour's place, Whittingehame, for the Scottish season, and is shown in our snapshot at the famous North Berwick golf links.

Photograph by Balmain.

always putted first, so that Hagen might be certain whether Smith had performed his part according to plan. His failures were

that Smith was the player at the top of his form who should have been going for the wins, and Hagen was the one who should have been pursuing the "safety first" tactics. Yet they stuck to their arrangement to the bitter end; it never seemed to occur to either to suggest a change of policy. Here was an obvious opportunity for generalship completely ignored.

Internal Competition.

Even though Duncan and Mitchell triumphed, he would be a person easy to please who could see in them the ideal side for a four-ball match. As individuals they are capable of soaring to thrilling heights of brilliancy, but the worst of them is that, when they join forces in a four-ball contest, they usually seem to play against one another instead of against the other side. A thrilling shot by one is the inspiration for an equally great shot by the other; conversely, their moments of mediocrity are liable to be mutual. I daresay it is all born of the fact that between them there exists an immensely keen—almost unexampled—rivalry as well as a close friendship. They travel continents together, but I am quite sure that for each there could be no more painful humiliation than to be outshone by the other.

Obviously, the four-ball side that is agitated internally by the question as to who is its stronger member must have defects. For both men to play one hole brilliantly and another indifferently—their achievements incited by their personal rivalry—is not the best way to win at this form of the game. In the perfect four-ball side, the lapse of one member would inspire the other to produce a *tour de force*. I really think that, when Duncan and Mitchell beat Hagen and Smith, their spirits rose superior to this element of mutual antagonism; very often the one saved or made his side. But the old Adam was there in the end. At the hole which saw the finish of the match, Mitchell was going to play the first approach. He had a shot from just short of the green past the corner of a bunker.

A Discussion. "How are you going to play it?" asked Duncan. "I'm going to putt it," replied Mitchell.

"Putt it be hanged!" said Duncan. "You'll go into the bunker if you do."

"Well, I fancy putting it," retorted Mitchell.

"All right, then I'll play first," announced Duncan.

There was a flash of the head of his mashie-niblick, and he had pitched his ball dead, to make certain of victory.

It all ended well; but if ever there be evolved a four-ball side with a world-wide reputation for perfect dovetailing, it will be in advance

of any yet conceived. Very likely, for instance, it will have a preconcerted plan of appointing each player to go for the wins at certain holes—those at which he particularly fancies himself at the drives or iron shots. The splitting up of the heroic endeavours in accordance with personal inclinations seems to be one way of elevating the four-ball match.



AN EXPERT UNDER EXPERT SUPERVISION: GEORGE DUNCAN STUDIES
TOLLEY'S SWING.

This snapshot of two famous golfers, Mr. Cyril Tolley and George Duncan, was taken at North Berwick, and shows the great "pro." studying Tolley's swing very closely by the first tee.—[Photograph by Balmain.]

few, so that Hagen was able to concentrate on the playing of winning shots.

Right People in Wrong Rôles.

There was one fatally weak spot in this well-thought-out scheme. On the second day, at Oxhey, the rôles of the two men ought to have been reversed. In a very short time it became apparent



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WOMAN'S WAYS By Mabel Howard

Frivolous Fashions at Deauville.

I think even the sun must feel overshadowed by the brilliance of the toilettes and accessories arriving daily from Paris.

Amongst the throng one recognises many well-known mannequins who are sent to Deauville each season to display exquisite *chefs-d'œuvre* created by famous dress-designers. Each morning the beach is gay with airy frocks of linen and cotton, in every colour of the rainbow, often adorned with monograms posed in unexpected places, and always introducing tiny crystal pleats in some form or another. Plissé panels and frills, demure gilets and jabots—these are the only frivolities which are allowed to soften the straight silhouette.

An hour later,

these simple affairs are discarded for more decorative settings. Sober bathing dresses of dark-blue or black are definitely of the past. Printed silks of every description have taken their place; vivid plaids vie with brilliantly flowered *crêpe-de-Chines*, and rows of frills, sea-shells, or multi-coloured beads decorate the little tunics. The much-favoured scarf, too, has assumed a new rôle, and many of the wide handkerchief variety in brilliant batik designs are thrown lightly round the neck and shoulders to prevent unwelcome attentions of the too ardent sun whilst the wearer reclines on the sands or walks through the marble halls of the new baths. Two scarves, discreetly joined, make an amusing and effective bathing-cloak, particularly when a third forms an alluring little cap to match.

China Pattern Embroideries.

The races, followed by tea at the Casino and other delightful *divertissements* of a summer afternoon, demand, of course, a complete change of toilette. Lovely furs and diaphanous frocks of *crêpe-de-Chine*, alpaca, and organdie make their appearance, the last chiefly in white, with long, straight tunics bordered with beautiful embroideries. Of these, many of the most striking have been inspired by old china. There is a charming affair of white georgette boasting a tablier entirely embroidered with the quaint blue-and-white willow pattern; and another has delicately tinted posies of the well-known Dresden flower china blossoming here and there. A third, carried out in the new sable nuance, is richly embroidered with the green-and-gold Chinese dragons used on Imperial porcelain. Real lace is another favourite mode of decoration, and beautiful panels of filet and frills of Valenciennes can

be discovered in many of the frocks. Sleeves are conspicuous by their absence, but instead we have multi-coloured bracelets worn high up the arm, or sometimes a quaint bow with long flowing ends tied just above the elbow in a fashion which reminds one irresistibly of small French boys and their *première communion*. "Dog-collars" of pearls as large as marbles, introducing here and there exquisitely coloured ones, add a *chic* finishing touch.

Furs and Fancies.

At night, it is the magnificent furs which attract universal attention. The Casino is crowded with beautiful women wearing remarkably costly furs; one magnificent cape of chinchilla is completed with a voluminous collar of scarlet-tipped ostrich feathers, and long wraps of Persian kid are scarcely less costly. Very beautiful, too, are the *débutantes'* wraps of pure white ermine, of which the latest models are trimmed with deep fringes of white antelope! Evening

Fashions for Little People.

In London, however, the subject of early autumn outfits for the small folk is a pressing one, and it was at Gorrings's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., that I saw the delightful affairs pictured on this page. In the centre are two diminutive overcoats which are really "man-tailored." The one on the left is built of nigger velours, and the second of the same material in a deep mole nuance. Both are finished with gaiters to match, and may be obtained, complete, for 53s. and 77s. 6d. respectively, fitting children of two and a half years. Another attractive model in saxe velours boasts a neat little vest to match, and may be secured for 45s. 6d. in the same size. Really splendid investments are the double-breasted tweed coats in soft checks, perfectly cut, available for 32s. 6d., fitting a boy of three years. They are lined throughout, and can be secured with or without a belt. Silk-lined fur velours hats can be obtained for 24s. 6d. in many colours. Pictured at the top of the page is a captivating little tunic suit of pale blue silk, decorated with box pleats and honeycomb smocking. It costs 59s. 6d., size two and a half years; and 39s. is the cost of the practical little suit below in pink-and-white mercerised poplin, for a boy aged four. I need hardly add that all these attractive outfits can be obtained in all sizes at varying prices.

Outfits for the Coming Term.

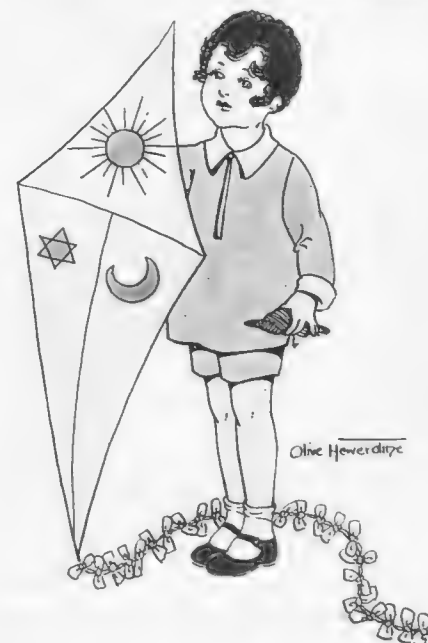
Schoolboy outfits for the autumn term will be absorbing everyone's attention during the next few weeks, and it is well worth while noting that Gorrings's issue an illustrated brochure comprising everything for school wear. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. There is the orthodox black vicuna jacket and vest designed to conform to the regulations of many preparatory and public schools, obtainable for 30s. 6d. (first size), with trousers in grey hairline ranging from 17s.; while Rugby suits in hard-wearing all-wool tweeds are

(Continued overleaf.)



These two small personages are justly proud of their man-tailored overcoats in mole and nigger velours, which hail from Gorrings's.

cloaks matching the frocks are also very much in evidence, and gleaming silver lamé bordered with wide bands of kolinsky, or rich chiffon velvet trimmed with squirrel express several clinging sheath gowns and voluminous companion cloaks. Ostrich feathers are to be seen, of course, enhancing numberless dance frocks with their soft swinging plumes, many artistically shaded to match the new shot tissues. Each frock, however, has its own fantasy: one has a train lined with these feathers sweeping from the hip; another has the flaring skirt bordered with them; and a third is decorated with immense diamanté-centred flowers of ostrich plumes posed here and there with artistic negligence.



A practical little suit in pink and white mercerised poplin, sponsored by Gorrings's.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.



This perfectly tailored coat and skirt must be placed to the credit of Aquascutum, 126, Regent Street, W. It is built of the famous Aquascutum cloth.

sports outfits, of 126, Regent Street, W., have designed many new models. Pictured on this page is a well-cut, intensely practical coat and skirt built of Aquascutum cloth, christened the "Hurlingham." Its slender lines are emphasised by the narrow seams running down each side; and the leather buttons and neat patch-pockets lend a truly workmanlike atmosphere. It can be made also in cheviots, homespun, etc. On the extreme right is the Grafton race-coat, also of Aquascutum cloth, straight, and perfectly tailored. It is a useful wrap which will answer many purposes, particularly in our treacherous climate. A welcome innovation for a motoring and race-meeting wrap is a Highland cape, with a long-fringed scarf in which are unexpectedly introduced two useful button-up pockets. It has a flat belted front, and is obtainable in all Scotch tweeds. Another practical affair is a motoring coat in navy gabardine, half-lined with fur, and boasting a voluminous fur collar. This may be carried out with any desired type of fur. Aquascutum coats for children are indispensable for chilly days in the North, and the picturesque hood-capes of Badminton cloth lined with gay woollen checks are quite irresistible.

Hats for Town and Country. When one comes to the question of the hat, naturally Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W., answers the query.

from 29s. 6d. Then useful trench-coats, made in pure Egyptian cotton, lined with checked cloaking and oiled cambric, are from 39s. 6d. School sweaters, Scotch made, can be secured for 15s. 6d., and cardigans for 17s. 11d., in many soft colourings. And it must not be forgotten that Goringe's mark all school clothing free of charge, and send it carriage paid anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Outfits for the Highlands.

The moors will be calling everyone to Scotland during the next few weeks, and in preparation for this event Aquascutum, the well-known specialists in

Every sportswoman is familiar with the excellent qualities of this firm's well-known sports models, which invariably add a distinctive finishing touch to the simplest of outfits. Sketched on this page are a trio of the season's new models. At the top is a close-fitting velour in a warm orange colour, and below is a particularly soft velvet felt in nigger-brown. Velours may be obtained in various shades from 15s. upwards; and the felts, which are equally suitable for town wear, range from 42s. The third sketch on this page portrays a comfortable little pull-on hat in a soft wool mixture. It is expressed in beaver, and has an adjustable brim. Robert Heath also specialises in



Two becoming little hats for the moors from Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W. The one above is an orange velour, and the second a nigger velvet felt.

trim little caps of waterproof velvet which are as light as thistledown, and will not move out of place in the strongest wind. Jockey caps and berets are favourite shapes, and the newest model is a delightful alliance of the two, with a peaked front and expanding back mounted on an elastic which enables it to fit exactly the closest shingle or the most generous coiffure.

Inexpensive Furs.

The fashionable *plages* in the height of summer are convincing proofs that beautiful furs of every description are in vogue at every season of the year. Now, especially, is the time to acquire them, for the prices of even the new models are considerably lower than in the autumn.

It is at a very opportune moment, therefore, that the International Fur Store, of 163, Regent Street, W., have issued a supplementary booklet listing furs of the less costly variety. These, and many sumptuous creations, may be studied now in their salons; but all who are unable to make a personal visit will find the booklet of exceptional interest. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. There are fascinating new coats of sable-dyed wallaby available for £28, and models of beaver coney are £35. Short coats

are again in vogue, and there is a wonderful choice at the International Fur Store, amongst which are several of nutria priced at £55. Fur stoles are, of course, indispensable accessories to every woman; beautiful white fox ties made from specially selected skins can be obtained for £21, and exquisitely worked mole-skin stoles for £13 10s. There are many other alluring possibilities pictured in the new booklet, and I advise every reader to lose no time before applying for a copy.

Superfluous Hair Eliminated.

There is no deeper tragedy to a sensitive woman than suffering the affliction of superfluous hair, and nowadays to resign oneself to it is quite unnecessary martyrdom. The Solray treatment is guaranteed to banish this annoyance by a method which is the outcome of many years of scientific study. The Solray expert, Mrs. Helen Craig, will give free consultations and advice at 15, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W. Those who are unable to pay a personal visit should write to her at that address for full particulars, which she will gladly furnish to all readers of this paper.

Novelty of the Week.

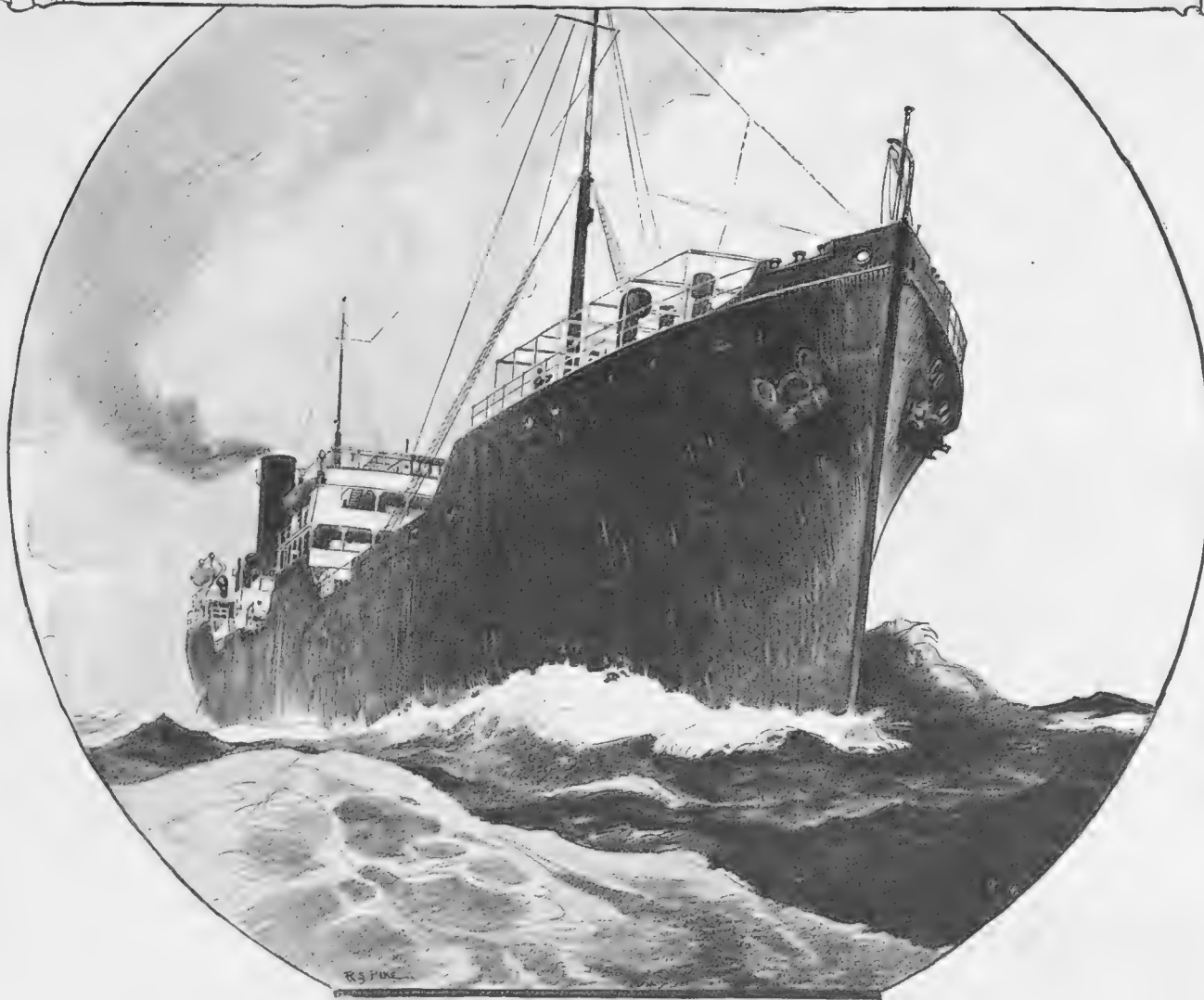
Every ardent sports enthusiast at this time of year admits that constant exposure to the sun, wind, and sea-air has exceedingly ill effects upon the complexion. Consequently, they will rejoice to hear that a waterproof cream has just made its debut. Lightly smoothed on the face, neck, arms, and hands, it imparts a soft, velvety, well-groomed appearance which the most strenuous mornings in the waves and on the links will not disturb. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address whence this waterproof cream is obtainable.



Aquascutum have christened this practical race-coat the "Grafton." It is carried out in Aquascutum cloth.

Adjustable and uncrushable is this comfortable sports hat expressed in a beaver wool mixture. It hails from Robert Heath.

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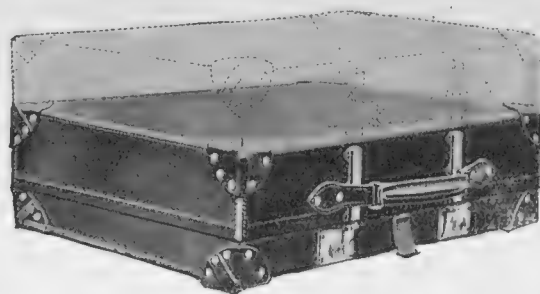
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I know you are sceptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. I know that you have wasted time and money on treatments which by their very nature could NEVER restore your hair. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others—often with the first few treatments. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I am entirely willing to let you try it at my risk—and if it fails to restore your hair, then I'll instantly—and gladly—refund every penny you have paid me. In other words, I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test is free.

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Many people have the idea that when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, the hair roots are always dead.

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Ordinary measures failed to grow hair because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead, you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

In all the world there is only one method I know about of getting nourishment direct to the roots. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you on my positive guarantee of satisfactory results, or the trial costs you nothing.

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Remember—I do not ask you to risk 'one penny' in trying this treatment. I am perfectly willing to let you try it on my absolute GUARANTEE—and if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every penny you have paid me. I don't

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If you will merely fill in and post the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32 page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

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"In the short time I have used your treatment I have gained remarkable results. Dandruff has disappeared entirely. My scalp is now all full of fine new hair. Would not part with my treatment for ten times its cost."

—A. W. B.

"The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half inch long. I have been trying five years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment."

—T. C.

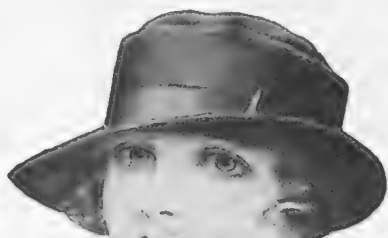
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Fashion insists upon slenderness this Season, and as the "Corslo" Silhouette is the most slimming thing that has ever been produced, it is an absolute necessity for every up-to-date woman. For this supremely comfortable garment combines all the necessary undergarments in one, and, instead of a separate chemise and knickers and corset, and princess petticoat, with their double sets of shoulder straps and their fourfold thickness of material at the waist—the "Corslo" Silhouette, which slips on, and is adjusted in a moment, just moulds the figure in a single supple softness of satin or tricot. It fastens at the back, under a concealing over-flap, and two central and short whalebones give straightness to the front, while cleverly placed suspenders support the stockings. The petticoat part of crêpe-de-Chine is laundry pleated, and as those whalebones are removable, and easily replaced (without any unstitching or re-sewing), the "Corslo" Silhouette can be washed like ordinary underwear, while the inner knickers, being detachable, can be changed as often as desired. It is indispensable for trousseaux and tropical outfits.

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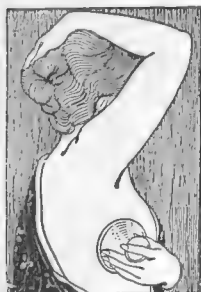


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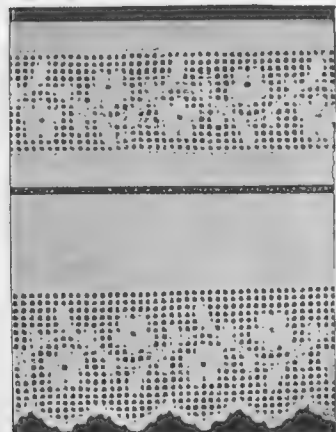
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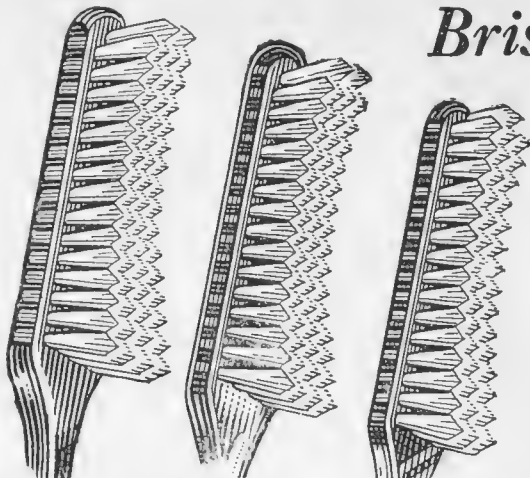
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Good bristles make a good toothbrush. Good bristles, securely fixed, make a perfect toothbrush. Every Koh-I-Noor is guaranteed to be made from best quality bristle, is guaranteed not to moult and is sterilised. Imitations, though flattering to the originators, are misleading to you. See the name Koh-I-Noor plainly stamped on the shaft before you buy.

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Direction.—Enter the Palace of Industry by the Gate of Plenty, opposite Australia. The Food Section is on the left. Ask for Benger's Food Stand. The nurses are there to advise and help, and not to sell.

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Lady: Yes, the sunshine is glorious, but it has a nasty knack of showing up the least mark or stain on one's dress.

Mr. Mak'Siccar: But there will be no mark or stain to show up if you send it to STEVENSON'S FOR DRY CLEANING by their special "Mak'Siccar" Process. The cost is trifling, and the results are splendid.

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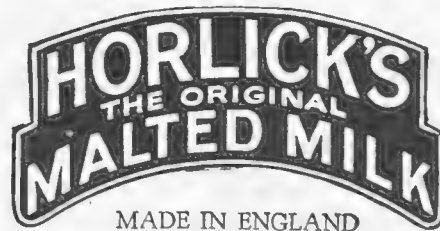
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For adults and children, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness. Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

PARALLEL LINES.

(Continued from Page 312.)

"No," I said emphatically, the madness lulled in me by that quiet, obedient voice. "You're perfectly right. We won't." I looked at my watch. "Twelve o'clock! Thank heaven, Friday's over! Come along."

"What fun!" said Phyllis, and we stole away.

We stole away from the haunts of revelry, got our things, crept through the secretary's office to the steps, where the *White Witch* lay in the shadow, and hoisted sail, "all stealthily," and trying not to laugh.

There was a light breeze from the south-west, and we pushed off gaily to the sound of a waltz, and I steered straight out into the river, for we had to pass the dancing-room and the quadrangle; but the breeze was off-shore, and we passed very close on the tide.

"I think," whispered Phyllis, "that's Gordon on the wall. And there's someone on the steps."

"Poor Mr. Smith!" I whispered.

"Is that you, Robin?" came a clear, sweet voice over the water. "May I come too?"

A strange remark escaped my companion.

"Of course, my dear," I answered, and, putting the helm down, I made for the steps.

"I'm all ready," said Angela, stepping in.

"I noticed the boat as soon as I got here. Good-bye, Gordon—you'll meet me at the Bridge?"

Mr. Smith, dimly discernible, said nothing. I pushed the boat off again.

"Isn't this fun, Phyllis?" said Angela.

"Isn't it?" said Phyllis.

And what happened after that, as the Colonel of Marines remarked, is another story.

Oh, Lord!

This interesting series by A. P. Herbert will be continued from week to week.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GRAND DUCHESS. By GEORGE BIRMINGHAM. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. George Birmingham is a practised hand in the concoction of headlong and varied adventure. The variety this time is extended to the scene, for the rapid drama of the Grand Duchess takes place not in the Emerald Isle, but in Dravidia, an imaginary kingdom somewhere in Eastern Europe. Quite a good kingdom of the Anthony Hopeful type, but horribly distracted, not so much by family feuds as by the present state of European politics. For the Communists had a look in, and the ruling house was at a discount; while Karl Gyorgy, a Commissar with hopes to be dictator, trod on the common people. There is also among the ingredients of this choice dish a treasure hunt for the crown, the key to the mystery being a hexameter line composed by the Archimandrite. One word remained a puzzle, which excited the curiosity of the rivals, Gyorgy and the Grand Duchess. Mr. Birmingham introduces us to no end of odd characters, including the deposed King Michael, with whom he plays in his own inimitable fashion. First-class fun and fooling, and a capital book for holiday reading.

THE HIDDEN PLAYER. By ALFRED NOYES. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Alfred Noyes as a writer of fiction is less known than Mr. Alfred Noyes the poet. But it is safe to say that soon he will be better known in the rôle of novelist, and that his public will extend. Needless to say, his prose work has a fine distinction, and this collection of short stories should lead to much excellent work of the poet story-teller. The

story, "Checkmate," that gives its title to the volume is an allegory of life considered as a game of chess. The hero, an author, has won success, but, like so many of his craft, is haunted by a sense of failure and of an unseen opponent. For this unfortunate man there is no remedy. His progress is only towards despair and final tragedy. In the end "The Hidden Player," who counteracts all the hero's endeavour, wins. But Mr. Noyes relieves this sombre note with lighter tales, the best of which is "The Wine Beyond the World," a charming piece of fantasy. It was inevitable that some verses should find a place in the book, and these are in the author's very best manner.

ROGUES OF THE NORTH. By ALBERT M. TREYNOR. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

A pleasant variant of the old treasure-seeking theme. Here it is not buried gold that forms the subject of the quest, but a seal-nursery up in the Bering Sea. Of course, there's a quaint document that points the way to the place. This was not a parchment with mysterious symbols, but an old ship's log discovered by an American man of science, who determined to take the risk and get rich quick. The risk was considerable, for, apart from the penalties for poaching, the island was fatal to those who approached it. The Aleutian Islanders believed that this was due to a curse. The adventurers, however, made land, but their illicit claim had been already jumped by another unscrupulous company, whom they found in possession. Grim work, stiff fighting, and the usual accompaniments of rough practice in out-of-the-way regions keep a first-rate yarn, which includes a love episode, going merrily. A book to read together with Kipling's "Rhyme of the Three Sealers," the classic song about rogues of the north. [Continued overleaf.]



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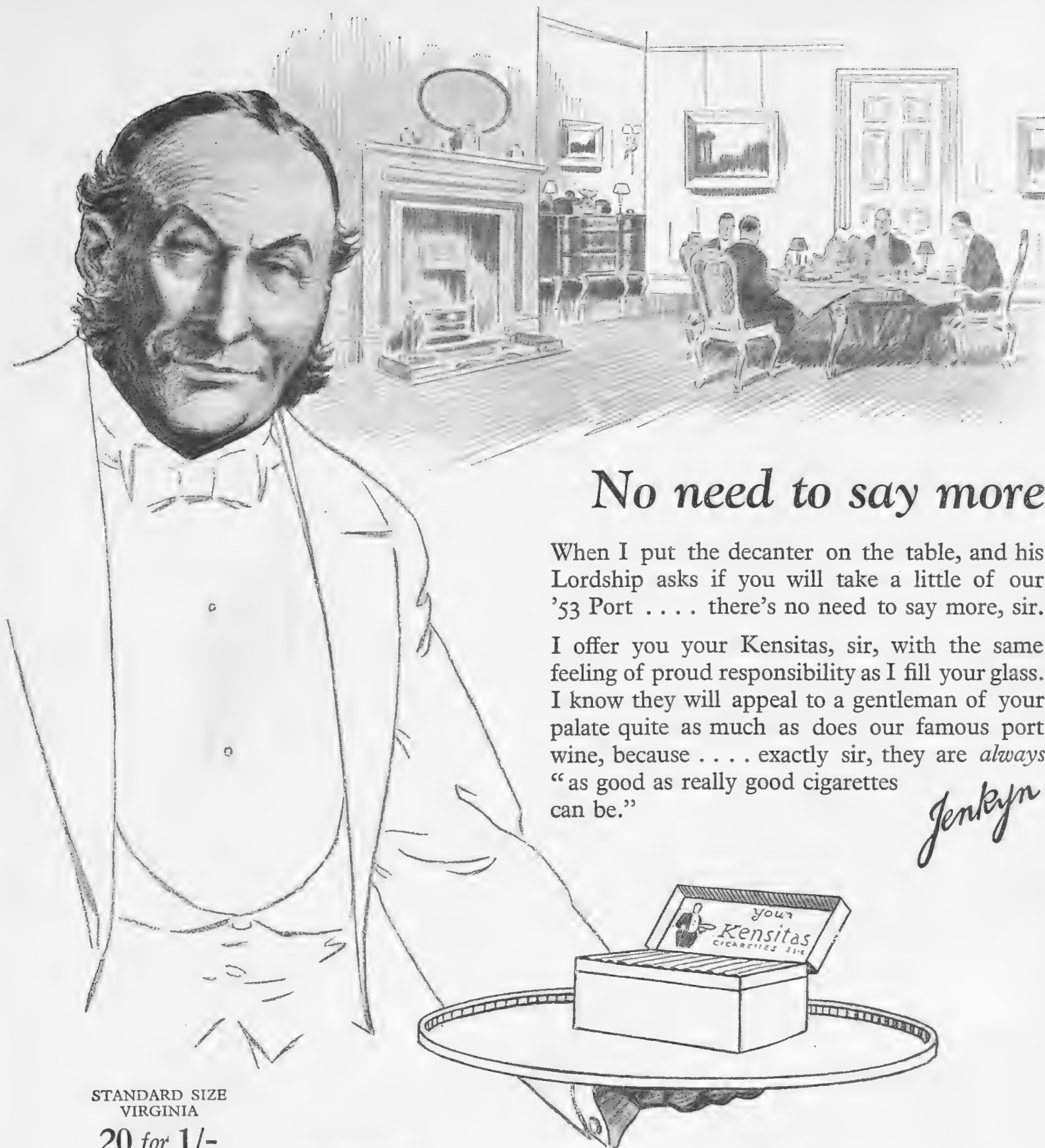
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the preferred cigarette

Continued.]

THREE OF A KIND. By EMMELINE MORRISON. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

A story with a versatile hero. He begins as an Ack Emma, and is many things by turns and nothing long. He has a shy at medicine, engineering, and penal servitude, if this last can be counted a profession. With this is wrapped up a bar sinister on the hero's escutcheon, a mad sort of love affair with an impressionable young woman, and adventures poured out in lavish measure. A lady who was a wife and yet not a wife adds to the complication, which is complex enough to satisfy the greediest. But the story moves along without confusion, and is quite up to the standard of an author who began as a prize-winner in a novel competition.

CORNISH SILHOUETTES. By C. C. ROGERS. (John Lane; 6s.)

An attractive collection of short stories and sketches about Cornwall and Cornish folk. The scene is not laid invariably in the Delectable Duchy, for at times it shifts to Australia, but even then the book is true to title, for the subject is Cornish people at the Antipodes. A finely original sketch is "Seal Music," "a most unearthly wailing. For one moment it literally stopped the beating of our hearts." One questions that "literally," but the whole passage describing an adventure in a cave conveys a strong imaginative thrill. The voice of the seals, a "liquid sob . . . seemed as if the imprisoned sorrow were washing like driven tides against the cavern roof." A book to read.

NAPOLEON AS A STORY-WRITER.

MOST of us, at one time or another, have felt the fascination of the character and life of Napoleon the Great, and will be able to thrill over the latest discovery in connection with the World's Greatest Soldier-Emperor—the unearthing of two new stories from his pen.

It is fairly well known to experts that Napoleon, throughout his life, had a passion for writing. Essays and literary works produced during his youth show his keen mind, his imperfect knowledge of French, and a feeling for the ideas then in fashion; but we now have a chance of reading two stories written when he had come to maturity, as two manuscripts, "Le Masque Prophète," and "La Gorgone," have not only been discovered in Paris, but have come into the hands of the Editor of the *Sphere*, and are now actually being published. "Le Masque Prophète," both text and translation of which are given in the current issue of this paper, together with a reproduction of the first page of the manuscript in Napoleon's writing, was written at the time of his Egyptian campaign. The second—to be published on Friday—is a much more ambitious effort, entitled "La Gorgone," and is a tale of Corsica, the "Little Corporal's" birthplace.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"RODEO STEVENS." (RELEASED AUG. 4.)

TWO factors will probably help this Ducal Film production on the road to popularity: firstly the interest evoked by the great cowboy congress at Wembley in Rodeos and all things appertaining thereto; secondly,

the personality of Big Boy Williams, a new "star"—at any rate, new to me—with an engagingly boyish and modest personality, coupled with plenty of "spunk." The melodrama in which he figures is an unpretentious affair, winding up in a bank robbery and a thrilling rescue of the kidnapped heroine, after the usual pattern of Western drama. But the charm of it lies in its good-natured hero, a "greenhorn" whose arrival at his father's ranch is the signal for all sorts of plotting. He is baited, bullied, and victimised from the moment the train ejects him and his bags at the wayside station. The boys are there to receive him, likewise a wicked-looking bronco, warranted to buck at a moment's notice! Our hero is promptly unseated. He picks himself up with a smile, accepts the situation and a diminutive mount which the cowboys jeeringly substitute for the bronco. He proceeds to face the general hostility with never-failing good-humour. Of course, he makes good, and comes out a winner in the Rodeo, in several fights, as well as in love. Such as there is of the Rodeo is capital, but, as the French say, "the appetite comes with eating"! After witnessing the thrills of the Wembley Rodeo in the Stadium and on the screen, one felt that the "great Rodeo scenes" of this film might well have been elaborated, whilst we could have done with less of the bank-robbing business. However, there is plenty of entertainment in the secret training of Stevens for the Rodeo events, with a goat doing service for a steer, and a delightful freckled youngster playing Sancho Panza to the hero's Don Quixote. Moreover, the manly, loose-limbed, schoolboy hero, in the person of Big Boy Williams, conquers all along the line.



Little Talks on Hair Troubles. No. 3.

What
makes
the hair
fall out?

WHEN for some reason or another the blood becomes impoverished in the elements which nourish the hair, your hair must lose its health and sooner or later begin to fall out. Often the first symptoms are scurf and dandruff. Firstly the hair shaft is starved. Then the sebaceous or oil glands of the hair cease to function correctly, making the skin around the hair shaft excessively dry and causing it to come away in powdery dust on brush and comb.

The only way to overcome such troubles is by means of Humagsolan, which restores to the blood the elements that the hair requires and through the blood carries these elements to the hair roots themselves. Humagsolan has been proved and endorsed by over a thousand doctors.

ASK any good chemist for a free copy of the 32-page illustrated book on "The Care of the Hair," or send a card direct to Humagsolan, Ltd., 107, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

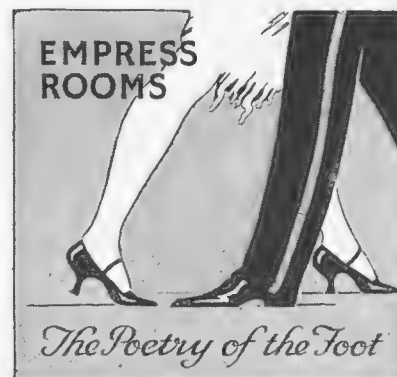
Hu-mag-so-lan
Just little silver pills that arrest hair ills

Obtainable at Boots, Taylor's Pure Drug Co. Ltd., and all good chemists, stores, hairdressers, etc.

DR. DAVID WALSH, M.D. (Edin.), writes:

"One of the most widespread fallacies with regard to the hair is that it can be nourished by rubbing pomades and other greasy preparations into the skin. Like all other tissues of the body, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

Erwoods



IT is the discriminating dancer of taste who goes to the Empress Rooms, there to learn dancing in such a manner that people turn in ball-rooms to say, "What a beautiful dancer——how neat and sure——." That is the "Empress" way. Add the cachet of the Empress Rooms to your dancing. Complete your address book with—The Dance Secretary:

**EMPRESS
ROOMS**

ROYAL PALACE HOTEL
Kensington W

Telephone: PARK 5220



Elizabeth Arden can make you lovely

no matter how far away you are spending the Summer

These days find the clients of Elizabeth Arden's fashionable salon scattered all over the globe. But wherever they go, they take with them the important skin foods, tonics, and astringents which have become a necessary part of their daily care of the skin. For Elizabeth Arden teaches you how to give yourself scientific treatments in your own home.

You can begin this summer to correct lines and wrinkles, lift sagging muscles, fill out hollows, make your skin fresh and lovely and make your facial contours as keen as a girl's.

If you write to Elizabeth Arden describing the characteristics and faults of your skin, she will send you a personal letter outlining a corrective home treatment for your skin and general appearance.

Elizabeth Arden's method is fundamental. She emphasizes the importance of caring for the body to lay the foundations of perfect health and beauty. Elizabeth Arden's exercises for health and beauty are scientific movements created especially for women, to give poise and grace, stimulate circulation and clear the skin, and normalize the weight.

Your treatment of the skin should include:

Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream—Delightful for a quick afternoon treatment at home. Nourishing and astringent, it softens and smooths the skin, and tightens it. Leaves the face velvety and fresh. . . . 4/6, 12/6

Venetian Waterproof Cream—A wonderful new preparation. A waterproof finishing cream that gives the skin a well-groomed look even during swimming and sports—it is proof against even sea-water. Prevents freckles, sunburn, and roughness. Excellent also for an evening make-up. . . . 12/6

Venetian Cleansing Cream—Supplies natural oils which are dried by sun and wind, soothes and heals the skin—keeps it smooth and supple. Prevents burning and peeling after exposure. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic—Tones, firms and whitens the skin, keeps the skin clear and radiant. Use with and after Cleansing Cream, particularly in summer in preference to soap and water. . . . 3/6, 8/6, 16/6

Venetian Orange Skin Food—for smoothing a skin roughened by exposure to wind, sun, or sea-water. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face. . . . 4/6, 7/6, 12/6

Venetian Lille Lotion—prevents freckles and sunburn and is cooling and soothing. Corrects a moist oily skin. Six shades 6/6, 10/6

Elizabeth Arden's Exercises for Health and Beauty—Created especially for women, to develop poise, vitality, and a clear healthy skin. Three double-faced disc records. £2 2 0 a set. (Send for booklet about Exercises.)

If you cannot come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon for treatments, write for her booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful," which outlines the correct method for caring for the skin at home.

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Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Preparations are on sale at more than 1000 exclusive shops all over the world



Miss Binnie Hale
wearing *Ciro Pearls*

You cannot expect to find *Ciro Pearls* anywhere but at our own establishments

for there alone are sold the only true reproductions of rare Oriental pearls, made with individual care and skill in our own laboratories. Because of our pride in their pre-eminence we will not permit *Ciro Pearls* to reach the public through any intermediaries; we have no agents anywhere.

Ciro Pearls

(Pronounced "Seero")

*If you cannot visit our showrooms send us One Guinea and we will post in a registered packet a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp in case. Keep them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference return to us and we will refund your money in full.*

Our illustrated Pearl booklet No. 5 post free.

Ciro Pearls Ltd

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48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1

44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2

25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL

WEMBLEY EXHIBITION (Jewellery Section, Palace of Industry)

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXI.

ON BREAKING A GOLDEN RULE AGAIN.

THERE is a well-known rule at bridge: "Never lead a card for your partner to trump if he can be over-trumped." Situations frequently crop up when this rule must be broken.

There is, of course, no such word as "never" in connection with any department of bridge. "Never" means: "under normal conditions"; when normal conditions do not obtain, then all rules for play, declaration, and the rest of it, must go by the board. So much is clear and, indeed, obvious—yet it takes a good player to apply special methods to special or abnormal situations when they appear; or perhaps it had better be said that it takes a good player to be able to recognise that the situation is abnormal.

The situation which requires special tactics to suit special cases occurs nearly entirely in defensive play: it must indeed be a poor player who cannot recognise a freak distribution with twenty-six cards in front of him—and you can take it from me that it is the player who is strong in defensive play that makes the winning game every time. In the great majority of cases the play of the combined hands can look after itself; but if you can pull out just one tiny bit extra when on the defensive side, well, then as regards play of the cards you will be just miles ahead of most other players.

Take this simple four-card position—

		Y	
A	B	SPADES—A, 2.	
		HEARTS—K, 2.	
		Z	
		SPADES—K, 3.	
		HEARTS—A, Q.	

It is a no-trump game, and it is essential that you, being Z, must win three more tricks to save the game. A spade is led, and B, dummy, plays the ace. What is your game? You must throw your king to it. If not, you will be put in with that king, and dummy must make his king of hearts, and you would only make two tricks. Easy this, on paper; yet in actual play few people would rise to the occasion. But mark, if the game is gone, and all you can do is to pick up such tricks as you may—why, then you would not throw the king of spades to the ace; there is practically nothing to be gained by running risks. See the difference: in one case you must stake all to win three tricks, in the other there is nothing to take a risk about.

I seem, however, to be getting a bit wide of my subject—about this not leading a card for your partner to trump if he will be over-trumped. But when dummy has a card or cards of re-entry, and an outside winner, you should kill this outside winner by leading that suit if your partner can ruff, even when he will be over-ruffed. For instance, your hand (Z) and dummy's hand (A) are—

		Y	
SPADES—A, 3, 2.	A	B	
HEARTS—Q.			
		Z	
		SPADES—X, X.	
		HEARTS—X, X.	

Spades are trumps. Your hearts and dummy's are the last in. Lead a heart, although your partner is going to be over-trumped. You stop dummy making a trick with his good heart, and your prevent declarer getting a discard on it later on. But had dummy no possible card of entry, then you would not put your partner to an over-ruff, because the same consideration does not lie.

Our Bridge Problem No. 23 is a good illustration of this. It may be remembered that leader, having made his ace, king of diamonds, found the remainder of that suit between himself and dummy; and dummy had the best, and dummy had a certain card of re-entry. He should have led on the diamond, and then he would have saved the game; but he branched to clubs, and thereby lost the game.

Now, this play is sound every time. There are players, and plenty of them, who won't make it, and who dislike it being made with them. Their reasoning is that by forcing the ruff and the over-ruff you may kill a potential trump winner in partner's hand. True absolutely. But you may not be killing a potential winner in partner's hand, while you are killing a certain winner in dummy, and killing a certain discard from declarer. This is a certainty: the other thing is a chance. Certainties will always beat chance, so be sure to make this play at bridge whenever you get the opportunity.

BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 24.

Here is a nice easy holiday problem—

		Y	
SPADES—9, 6.			
HEARTS—10.			
CLUBS—None.			
DIAMONDS—8, 6, 5, 4.			
		Z	
		SPADES—5, 4.	
		HEARTS—Kn, 4.	
		CLUBS—9, 8, 7.	
		DIAMONDS—None.	
		A	
		SPADES—8, 7.	
		HEARTS—None.	
		CLUBS—10, 6, 5, 4, 2.	
		DIAMONDS—None.	

There are no-trumps. A to lead. AB to make six tricks against any defence.

Solutions received by next Monday will be acknowledged.

Retain Youthful Beauty

Beauty is the birthright of every woman, yet very often, through neglect or age, illness or worry, that youthful charm is lost. Mrs. Adair can help you to restore and retain that air of attractiveness that comes from clear, bright eyes and soft, glowing skin. Lines and wrinkles will be eradicated, and youthful contours regained.

20 years' successful experience. Hundreds of genuine testimonials received.

GANESH EASTERN CREAM

Can be used with or without the Ganesh Oil, nourishes the tissues, cleans, clears and makes the skin soft like satin. State whether skin is dry, greasy or irritable. Made up to suit all skins, 3/6 and 6/6 (postage 6d).



"Ganesh" Chin Strap: removes double chins. 21/6 and 25/6

GANESH EASTERN OIL

by supplying the exhausted skin tissues with new life and bracing up the relaxed muscles into correct position, will absolutely remove lines, wrinkles, hollows, etc. 5/6, 10/6 and 21/6 (6d. extra postage).

Write for free advice and particulars of the Ganesh Treatments for restoring Youthful Beauty.

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Under Royal Patronage.
(Recommended by the Medical Profession.)

Write or call for free interesting Beauty Booklet.



No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

AFTER THE DANCE

The dance is over, the last strains of the music have melted away. Possibly the dances have been a little too energetic. It is then that "4711" Eau de Cologne is so welcome. A few drops on your handkerchief and inhaled will prove delightfully soothing and refreshing. A little "4711" in the bath or toilet water invigorates and is an aid towards beautifying your complexion.

Ask for "4711"
(BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)

It is the Original and Guaranteed Pure—Full Strength—with the lasting Fragrance.



NICOLL'S of REGENT STREET

"Famous as makers of Ladies' Habits and Men's Riding Suits for more than a hundred years."



NICOLL RIDING DRESS

Nicoll Habits and Riding Suits, cut and tailored by experts with long years of constant experience, are, in appearance and service, the most desirable dress for either hacking or hunting.

Nicoll's charges are always very reasonable for the best quality materials, worked by men long tried in the art of making

PERFECT-FITTING RIDING DRESS

Patterns of Materials and Prices sent on request.

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD.
114-120 REGENT STREET W.1
and John Dalton Street, MANCHESTER.

Fresh and Energetic—Enjoys Work or Play Wholeheartedly



Miss Marjorie Hume, the popular actress, now filming in Paris as Barbara, in Louis Mercanton's film, "Two Little Vagabonds," writes:—

"I AM a constant user of Phosferine, which is really a wonderful nerve tonic, and I cannot speak too highly of its recuperative effects. My work for the stage and screen has for some time past been very strenuous, and in addition I am very fond of various kinds of sport, riding, boating and tennis, etc., and thanks to Phosferine I am able to keep all these going during my spare time, and turn up fresh and energetic at all engagements and rehearsals. A course of Phosferine makes me feel able to concentrate effectively, either mentally or physically, upon anything I undertake. Certainly the feeling of vigour makes one thoroughly enjoy either work or play wholeheartedly, and understand more fully what it is really to appear at one's best."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Nervous Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"GIVE it a chance to be fully ventilated, and we shall have no need to bother about the General Election."

"Probably you're right, Brokie"—and The Jobber knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "If we all talk about it very industriously, a General Election need frighten nobody. But let's get the holidays over first."

One was going to Ostend, and another to Le Touquet. "Nothing like the Continent for a complete change," declared The City Editor. "When do you go?" he asked The Jobber.

"Can't make up my mind. I have the Brum and the Berwick particulars: jolly tempting they are, too. Or there's Brussels—oh, I don't know what to do. I've half a mind to go for a sea trip with the Royal Mail."

"Buy a Rolls and tour the country for yourself. Or a Wolseley—that's a good car too."

The City Editor craved the company's attention for a revelation.

"You talk like a Shell motor spirit notice. Clever, isn't it, how they make their advertisements end with '-ation'?" He spelt it out. "But go ahead, Sir."

"I had a letter from one of *The Sketch* readers," continued The City Editor, "and he asked for Brokie's address—"

"MacKinlays, Young's Mountain Dew, or B.L.?" asked The Jobber enviously. "Possibly all three. Oh, what a case for liquidation!"

"No; he didn't even want to send him a dozen of Big Tree burgundy. This reader

evidently was out to do Stock Exchange business with our friend."

"What did you say?"—and The Engineer was clearly curious. "Did you take it on?"

"I would like to have done," The Broker confessed; "but wouldn't that have been rather unfair? If I accepted orders like this, it might be considered, don't you think, as a kind of advertisement?"

"That's one way of looking at it," said The Merchant.

The Jobber sobbed aloud. "How generous! How high-minded!" he exclaimed between his chokes.

"You can laugh"—and The City Editor came to the defence—"but I think Brokie's attitude is perfectly correct, so long as the Stock Exchange forbids its members to advertise."

"Don't see why they shouldn't," observed The Merchant. "For instance, one man might push Kaffirs as the 'Spirit of Inspiration,' like Dewar's; or Lever Sevens, as delicately scented as Yardley's Lavender."

"You'll want a Zeiss to see the Committee giving permission for the Stock Exchange to depart so far from its traditional dignity."

"The House ought to march with the times: pull up its St. Margaret's and hustle around some."

"That's all very well in theory," The Broker commented; "but we are never busy in August—at least, very seldom."

"You don't believe in a Rubber rise?"

"Can't see any immediate justification for it. Rubber goes up because production goes down. For the present, it's as broad as it's long."

"The Tea Market was rather ruffled by the South Indian floods, eh?"

"They go to prove that Tea is a speculative business in the same way that everything connected with the tropical countries must be."

"Can't make out how the Brazilian business is going," said The Broker. "It isn't satisfactory, by any means."

"Keep to San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock, and, as a likely gamble, Leopoldina; you can't come to much harm with either."

"Too negative. I want to feel more confidence than that in what I buy."

"Then the four best Argentine Railways, and Pacifics for choice. Next month the October dividends will be discussed, and you will see all the prices better."

"Think it's worth while exchanging into these out of Hungarians?"

"What posers you put!" protested The Broker.

"They are the sort of things that people want to know," The City Editor rejoined.

"Hungarians are a gamble: a good one, mind you—same as East Rands are in the Kaffir Market, and Mongus in Tin. But people dependent upon dividends for their incomes, or those with weak nerves, should not touch such speculations."

"Canadian Northern Incomes are rather alluring," said The Engineer.

"Undoubtedly; but that's a gamble too. People buy the stock either for a big rise or for a corresponding drop. They mustn't howl if the deal goes the wrong way."

"How about Golden Valley Citrus Eight per Cents?"

"Shouldn't touch them with a barge-pole," The Broker replied emphatically. "Except," he qualified, "to push the Bonds further away."

Friday, Aug. 8, 1924.



Sunlight means health.

During the all-too-short sunny-times we get in this country, those who take the fullest advantage of the sunlight store up the biggest fund of health for the duller months. But there is the question of complexion. Few can stand the full force of the sunlight with impunity unless fortified by the regular use of

BEETHAMS
La-rola

(as pre-war)

on hands, neck, face and arms. LA-ROLA, the Skin Tonic and emollient, effectively prevents peeling and roughness after exposure to the blazing sunlight.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/6.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives

THE BEAUTY SPOT!
BOXES 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham Spa,
ENGLAND

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED

Not Electrolysis
Not a Depilatory

Written
Guarantee
of
Permanent
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Given

By an Entirely New Method the Wonderful Solray Treatment Painlessly and Permanently Destroys any Hair Growth Without Leaving the Slightest Trace.

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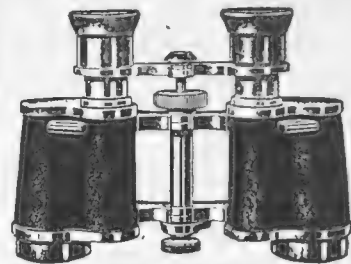
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RACING TILL END OF AUGUST.

MAYOL—MITTY & TILLIO—MISGUETT & MAXLY.

SECOND-HAND PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

By all the World-famed makers:
Zeiss, Goerz, Deraisme, Lemaire,
Hensholdt, etc.

Wonderful Bargains at less than Makers' Prices.



Trade Enquiries Invited

£3 12 6 Binoculars, 20 gn. model. 8x, by Deraisme. Extra large object lens, giving large field of view, bending bar screw and separate eyepiece focus, great penetrative power, name of ship distinctly read three miles from shore, in solid leather sling case, week's free trial. Great Bargain, £3 12 6. Approval with pleasure. We hold a large stock of second-hand Glasses, all in new condition, by Zeiss, Goerz, Deraisme, Lemaire, Hensholdt, Voigtlander, Leitz, Busch, &c., from £1 10 to £9 9 0 a pair.

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WEMBLEY-1924

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A Fruit-Serving Spoon.

The Wembley Souvenir Spoon

Solid Silver. Richly Gilt.
London Hall Marked.
Length of Spoon, 9½ inches. Weight, 6½ ounces.

£5 5 0 each.

White Velvet-Lined Case, 12/- extra.
Entirely hand-made.
Only a limited number of these Spoons will be produced.

Designed and made only by
CHARLES BOYTON & SON Ltd.
Established 120 Years
Newman Passage, Oxford Street,
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from whom particulars can be obtained, and the name of the nearest agent.

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is the only Lager Beer supplied to the British Empire Exhibition

Light or Dark with the real Lager flavour



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ATTRACTIVE Knitted Sports Outfit (as sketch) consisting of Cardigan, Jumper, Skirt and Hat, in new Chinese design made from finest quality yarn. A practical and well-fitting Suit for Sports wear. In plain colour with design in multi-colours. Black/White, Dark Orange, Lt. Orange, Elephant, Mid. Grey, Lt. Mauve, Almond, Yellow, Dk. Saxe, Lt. Saxe, Dk. Fawn, Tabac, Champagne, Cinnamon, Fawn

Cardigan, Price 73/6
Jumper, Price 65/6
Skirt, ... Price 55/6
Hat ... Price 29/6

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SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Sent on approval.



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of Knightsbridge

SPUN SILK UNDERWEAR at MODERATE PRICES

Hosiery Dept.—Ground Floor.

French Spun Silk Vest, effective ribbed effect, top finished plaited washing satin ribbon; full length and perfect fitting, being especially useful for early Autumn wear. In white, pink or black.

24/9

Knickers, full cut to match,

25/9



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ZEISS FIELD GLASSES

8 x 30 Zeiss Deltrintem - £13
8 x 40 Zeiss Delactis - £15
The finest prism glasses made.

Zeiss 8x Vest Pocket Prism Glass - 84/-
Zeiss Aseros Deer-Stalking Telescope £26 14s.

All other models in stock. Lists Free. Exchange.

WALLACE HEATON, LTD.
119, New Bond St., London, W.1

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

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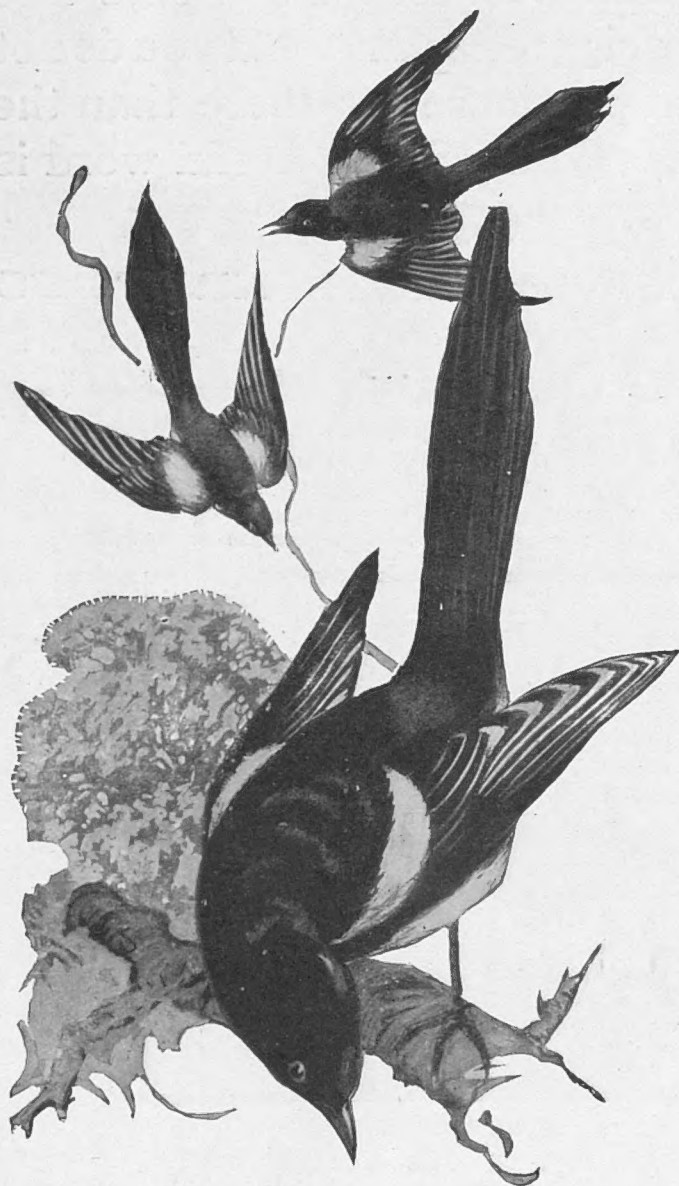
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